

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 668.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Four Years in Southern Africa.* By Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers. 8vo. pp. 308. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

A VOLUME of that lively and sketchy character that so well satisfies the appetite of our time, which will not endure the tediousness of severe research, and is charmed by the lighter forms of literature. Mr. Rose is, indeed, an extremely pleasant writer: his delineations of the scenery of Southern Africa are very picturesque, and he appears to have deeply felt the beauties of nature, while he also paints the habits and manners of the people with whom he mixed like a man of sense and discrimination. Thus his book is an agreeable mixture of vivid landscape and spirited portraiture. His principal excursion, as described by himself, will serve as a key to the whole work.

"It was (he says, on his return to the settlement) ten months since I had left the bay that now lay before me; and in that time I had seen much that, in after life, I shall often recall. I had shared the hard life of the elephant-shooter, and slept in the bee-hive hut of the Kaffer, and traversed his beautiful country. I had visited the house of the phlegmatic boor, and the station of the subdued-toned missionary. I had seen most of the savage animals of the country, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus. I had sought for the lion in the country where they were once common, but the tract had been partially settled on; and the wild beasts retire at the appearance of man, with an instinctive feeling that a being more savage and relentless than themselves has invaded their haunts, and that their ferocity is no match for his. I had seen the many-coloured birds in their native woods, and on their native rivers. I had wandered through the gloomy arches of the boundless forests, where the tall trees cast a massive shade that seems never to have been broken by one ray of light. I had seen those trees with their many-coloured blossoms, standing in beauty and in pride, while the rich creepers, that hung like light drapery from their wide-spreading branches, moved with every breeze, affording a striking and mournful contrast. I had seen them stretched at their length, mouldering, fallen untouched by man, in the heart of their own dark forests. I had feasted on the loveliness of flowers, in the country where flowers are the most lovely, and where their beauty gladdens the lone wilderness; for the pride of your greenhouse is, in Africa, but a wild flower. I had seen society under new forms, and Nature as at her birth; and now the bay lay with its wide sweep stretched before me, dotted with English ships; and I end as I began, once again in Cape Town."

From the author's descriptions of the sights thus summed up, a few selections will be the best review that can be offered. At the kraal of old Enno, a Kaffer chief on the Beka river, the following is related:—

"There was one young and finely formed

girl in the group, with her wild expressive eyes and beautiful teeth, on whom I flatter myself with having made an impression: her mode of shewing it was singular: she picked some vermin from the hairy side of her carosse, and offered them to me; and on my exhibiting some symptoms of disgust, laughed most heartily at my fastidiousness, and put one in her mouth to shew that it was good. It was the first mark of attachment which I had received since I left Cape Town, and I was affected accordingly; and had but the refinement of sentiment been added to so touching a proof of love—had she but sung,

'I give thee all, I can no more,  
Though poor the offering be';

I know not what the consequences might have been."

Of old Enno himself we are told, when food was given to him, he always distributed a portion to his followers.

"On receiving a potato, and his being told that he might have them in his own country with very little trouble, he slowly and calmly answered, 'I am very old—too old to learn new things; but I will take every thing that you will give me.' We laughed, and told him that it was a very clever answer. 'Yes, I have lived a long time in the world, and have learned cunning,' was his reply. The manner in which he tried to procure a present was amusing. 'It was not for the sake of the present, but that it would be asked of him by others whether the landdrost had passed through his country; and on his answering, 'Yes,' they would inquire what present he had received; and when he should say none, they would naturally reply, Then you must have behaved ill to him—for he is very generous.' He was a strange being, and possessed more talent than any Kaffer I ever saw; his words coming from him very slowly and innocently, while there was a slight twinkle in his small sunken eye that belied his lips. I saw a white Kaffer among Enno's tribe,—a hideous being daubed with red clay; and, on inquiry, found that it was the son of the chief; and heard that on Enno's being teased about his colour, and hints thrown out of unfair play on the part of his wife, he laughed it off, and asked if they had never known a black cow have a white calf. One more anecdote, and I have done with him. He was at the landdrost's house, and in order to see its effect upon him, a lady was seated at the piano playing a simple air, (and seldom has it been my chance to hear any one who played so sweetly,) when the old man, who was listening intently, suddenly stopped her, saying, 'That is enough; it reminds me of the loss of my child, and it tells me I should go home and cry.' The child to whom he alluded, and to whose death Enno often recurs, was shot on some occasion by the Cape corps.

"I was told too (continues Mr. Rose) of a chief who had been taken prisoner in some attack on Kafferland, and sent down to Cape Town, being recognised by an officer who had

seen him on the frontier, and who recollected that he was famed among his tribe for his courage in the chase, and for his skill in throwing the assegai: one was given to him, and he was told to throw it; but it fell from his hand, as he replied—'that he could not—for his heart was broken!' It did not strike me that the savage tribes are improved by the intercourse with us that has been opened by the fair that is held at Fort Wiltshire, the frontier post. I attended one of them, and was amused with the strange scene of barter—buttons and beads for hides and ivory. Gaika, the neighbouring chief, dressed in an old regimental jacket, was in the Fort with his retinue of twenty-five wives; and it was not without interest that I looked on one of whom Barrow had prognosticated so highly. He was then nineteen, he is now fifty; and melancholy has been the change that has taken place in the interval: the English have given him their protection, and with it their vices; and he is a sunk and degraded being, ready to exclaim with Caliban—

'I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject,  
For the liquor is not earthly;—'

a wretched savage, despised and suspected by his tribe, continually intoxicated, and ever ready to sell his wives for brandy. Such are the fruits of our protection! such have ever been the effects on the savage of the kindness of the civilised! If we find them simple and trusting, we leave them treacherous; if we find them temperate, we leave them drunkards; and, in after-years, a plea for their destruction is founded on the very vices they have learned from us."

Of the Bushmen we have also some very characteristic anecdotes. *Es. gr.*

"Many of the colonists have likewise assured me, that their Boshemmen of either sex used in stormy weather to abuse the thunder with the words *t'guzeri—t'gaunatsi*, sorcerer, imp, and other reproachful expressions; and at the same time, in a furious manner, with their shoes, or any thing else that was at hand, menace and bid defiance to the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder that exploded and rolled over their heads. Whether this is true, I have not had the means of ascertaining, having never been in their country; but there is so much of wild poetry in the conception, that I cannot think it a colonial invention. Imagine the pigmy wretches, of unearthly ugliness, standing at the mouth of their cavern, watching the gathering tempest, as the lurid clouds darkened above them, while the earth shared the gloom of the heavens; and then, when after the breathless hush, the lightning's flash burst with its dread glaring light, and the thunder echoed through all the hills,—imagine these savages, their umber faces lighted up to a more fiend-like expression in the blaze, threatening the storm with their furious gestures, and, with impotent menacings, breathing their wild curses against the thunder. Some years since, I had one of these imps staying in my house for several months; his age might be

about twelve years; his height three feet; his hands and feet were wonderfully small and beautifully formed, while the ugliness of his face was startling. The creature possessed considerable quickness, and had great talents for mischief and mimicry. His first introduction was characteristic:—"Can you speak English?" I asked. "No." "Can you speak Dutch?" "No." "What do you speak?" "Bahoon;"—and before he had been in the house six hours, I caught him mimicking my walk and manner. Donald (for that was the name given him) had no taste for cleanliness, and I was obliged to insist on his going into the sea every morning at the time I bathed: this he by no means admired, and, one grey, cloudy day, shewed extreme reluctance; and, while standing on the sand, asked me if the water was cold. "No," I replied; and he then dipped his tiny foot in the wave, shook it, and said—"It's a d-d lie, now—for it is cold."\*

"The belief in witchcraft is general throughout the country, and the punishments are dreadful. The rain-maker, after his ceremonies, fixes on some obnoxious individual, possessed of a large quantity of cattle: no proof is necessary, no protestations of innocence avail: the wretch is fixed to the earth by a thong, carried round the ankles and wrists, which are fastened to stakes driven into the ground; burning stones are then placed on his body, and nests of the large black venomous ants broken on the scorched and wounded parts. In his agony he confesses to all that is demanded of him, and is then ordered to give up the power by which he worked evil. He gives up something—any thing,—a string of beads, or an ornament, and is then tortured to death, or driven from the tribe a wanderer and a beggar.

"Kafferland suffers much from want of rain, and the tribes, that depend on their crops of Kaffer and Indian corn, die in a year of scarcity by hundreds. When this is threatened, the prophet, rain-maker, or doctor,—for he unites the three,—becomes of importance, and is bribed by a present of oxen to procure rain. He promises it; the thunder-clouds are to burst within a certain time, and the rain is to pour down: if it comes not, he says that the cattle they sent him were poor, and the rain-spirit is displeased; larger cattle are sent, and again the prophet names a period before which their wishes will be gratified: should that time pass, he says that nothing will avail, but a favourite ox of the chief's. There is a long hesitation in yielding this, while so much time is gained; but it is given, and another term is mentioned. The doctor is now at the end of his subtleties; and should the rain not come, names the man or woman who has frustrated the effect of his incantations, and the wretch is killed to save the credit of the rain-maker. I had from a missionary the following account of some of the Kaffer superstitions, several of which almost approach religion, which they are said to be without:—A Kaffer selects, as his guardian, the spirit of some former chief or friend, invokes him on all occasions of difficulty, thanks him on all escapes from danger, sacrifices to him part of the ox that he kills, part of the game that he takes; and in harvest-time scatters a portion

\* Elsewhere we are informed, that "when a Kaffer returned to his own country from Cape Town, to which he had been taken by an English officer, and, full of the strange things he had seen, told his tale to the dark group around him, describing the wonders of a ship, which he called 'a wagon that moved upon the waters, and that never *utizweni*?' (unyoked), and many other marvels: he was greeted at the close of each story, when he expected applause, by the unanimous comment, 'That's a lie!'—a very common fate with travellers."

of the grain as an offering. In crossing a flooded ford he calls upon him; and when the string that fastens the ornaments of his carrosse is loose, and he discovers it in time to save them, he ascribes to his kind spirit that the thought of looking had occurred to him. When the kraal is struck by lightning, the site is either deserted, or an ox burnt on the spot, or buried beneath it, as an offering to the incensed spirit of the kraal, or to *Uhlanga*, the spirit of thunder. The apparition of the dead, *Shulanga*, is supposed at times to haunt a kraal, when his dying wishes have not been complied with, and an ox is sacrificed to appease it; and a man rushes from the habitations, in wild pursuit of the dark shadowy form."

The ceremonies of barbarous people often present remarkable coincidences: we here learn, that on killing the elephant the natives approach his dead carcass with superstitious care, and endeavour to "exculpate themselves of any blame in his death, by declaring to him gravely, that the thing was entirely the effect of accident, not design; while, to atone for the offence, or to deprive him of all fancied power, they cut off the trunk and solemnly inter it, pronouncing repeatedly, during the operation, 'The elephant is a great lord, and the trunk is his hand.'" In like manner the wild Arab burns the head of the hyæna, lest it should be converted into a charm of evil influence; and the American savage addresses the bear he has slain in language of the most cajoling kind. But we proceed with a few more of our characteristic extracts. The author is speaking of Conguar, the son of a chief, who accompanied the party.

"One night that our bivouac was surrounded by a distant hord of Kaffers, over whom he had no control, he was asked whether our things were safe, and replied—'They have told me they will take nothing; but I cannot see their hearts.' On my inquiring from him which were the most powerful chiefs in Kafferland, he replied, 'Hinza,'—a long pause,—'then Gaika,—then St'lambey;' he stopped. 'And your own family comes next, I suppose.' 'We are but as dogs to Hinza, as the dust is to my foot.' One of our party was attempting to explain to him, that the moon shining above us was a world like the one on which we stood; and he listened attentively, and calmly observed when the speaker had ceased;—'I will not say, that what you have told me is not so, but has any one been up to see it?' In reply to some observation of his, I said, 'Conguar, I wonder at this from you, who live so near Mr. S.—the missionary; I am sure he never does so.' 'Oh, Mr. S.—knows God, and I don't know him yet.'"

There are some entertaining details of elephant hunting, but, we regret, too long for our notice. D—, the hunter who presided on these occasions, Mr. Rose relates, "told us of his having seen an elephant raise his fallen companion, and still assist him even when wounded himself. I saw the beast killed, rather than desert the one that could not follow; and they fell dead together. On my observing that, judging from the paths that intersected the country in all directions, they must be very numerous; he said, 'they were, and indeed are so still. I have, I dare say, myself seen as many as three thousand in a troop, on the banks of the Fish River; but I should think, in the last three years, full that number have been destroyed.' He mentioned one thing that struck me as very extraordinary, — that those who traversed the country never found the

body of an elephant that had died a natural death, though they frequently found those that had fallen by the hunters' shot. I was surprised to hear D— say, that it was his wish to leave his present life, and to settle quietly in his farm. 'Indeed!' I said; 'I should have thought that this wild pursuit, and your former dangerous trade, would render a quiet life somewhat sleepy.' 'I have a wife now, and shall have children; and have been driven to this by debt and necessity. I have nearly got over my difficulties; for in twenty months, I and my Hottentots have killed eight hundred elephants; four hundred have fallen by this good gun; and when I am free, I quit it. Scores of times have the elephants charged around me, even within a yard of the bush under which I had crept; and I feel that it was a chance I was not crushed. Once I had fired on a large troop in a deep ravine, one side of which was formed by a steep cliff, which echoed back the sound of the firing, and a hundred elephants, with upraised ears, and loud screams, and tossing trunks, rushed down the narrow pass, and charged the echo, being the opposite side to that in which we had fired, and the one to which we had moved; myself and Hottentots lying in the bush, while they rushed by us. The boldest hunter is killed at last. I have, when pursued by a rhinoceros, sprung down a high bank, not knowing its depth, or whether I might not fall on a rock or stump. No, sir, it is a life of no common hardship and danger. I have been obliged to eat the veldt-schoon (untanned leather shoes) from my feet.' I asked Skipper how many wild beasts he had shot in his life: his list I cannot accurately remember; but there were, I think, two rhinoceri, one lion—when all his companions fled.—I know not how many elephants, tigers, wolves, &c.; but it finished with two Kaffers; for Skipper was not a man of nice distinctions. The night passed, and in the morning we packed up our baggage, consisting of a pair of saddle-bags; and I bade D— good bye, wishing him sport, and a high price for his ivory. 'Well, Skipper, good bye; I think you would smoke if you were between the tusks of the elephant.' 'No, sir,' he replied, without the slightest change of countenance, apparently taking my speech as literal, 'for he would smell me.' We separated—the hunter and boy took their guns and started homeward. Skipper and his companion went with the horses to bring away the tusks of the dead elephants, while my companion and myself returned from whence we came."

And here we must conclude, though there is an additional chapter, giving the particulars of the author's visit to St. Helena and the house of Buonaparte, on his homeward way;—a marvellous story of the Flying Dutchman, on the vouching of a British naval officer, which shews that superstition is not confined to Hottentots and Kaffers;—and sundry other matters, which just make out the volume to a right number of pages. Altogether, we recommend it as a piece of agreeable reading, which does credit to the taste and talents of our Engineer Officer.

*Stories of a Bride.* By the Author of the "Mummy." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

WE like these volumes exceedingly: the narratives are, to use a young-lady-like but most expressive phrase, very interesting; the style as graceful as it is *spirituel*; and the framework both novel and picturesque. Still none of these merits, high as the praise is that we

have allotted them, is the one that constitutes the peculiar excellence of these pages. The distinguishing characteristic of our author is a vein of philosophic thought—a true though feminine system of metaphysics, made up of that imagination which often bodies forth the truth so accurately (a little beau-idealised, perhaps)—that observation of feeling, so keen and so delicate, because its own feeling is the test—and that tact which, like the touch of a blind man, rather feels than sees its way,—this character of mind, displaying itself in a thousand slight touches, as well as in more elaborate composition, is at once the mark and the merit of the book before us. We have not for some time met with passages, either of reflection or observation, that have impressed us with higher ideas of a writer's lively perception, or of that discriminating faculty which analyses while it embodies those various feelings, motives, &c. which are the thousand and one wheels of social machinery. The introductory sketch is written with great vivacity: the young heiress is excellently drawn, and her falling in love is well managed. Rousseau says, *c'est notre premier soupir qui fait le destin de notre vie*; but in this case it was the *premier yawn*. There is something very original, yet English, in the rich peer and wealthy countess, equally fatigued and fortunate, being first attracted by a sympathetic yawning fit. The first tale is more likely to attract attention from its narrative than from sympathy with its hero. The "Mystic" has nothing in common with our young cavaliers: we live in an age of cambrie and Cologne; and the perils of an over-excited imagination are, in our times, dangers as little to be deprecated as those of tilt or tournament: a youthful dame has now no rival so potent in her lover's affections as his tailor. The "Treasure-seekers" is a most romantic tale, and one we think, for its variety of incident and its foreign scenery, well calculated for popularity. There is much to praise and much to choose from; but our extracts must be, like pocket-books, ruled by columns: the following quotations from the life of the heiress will give a fair notion of the piquancy and animation of this sketch from real life.

"My father was a man of large fortune, and I was his only child: my mother died giving me birth; and my father, in a transport of despair, vowed to devote his future life entirely to the care of my education. 'Dear relic of my departed Emily!' exclaimed he, apostrophising me as I lay in my nurse's arms, when I had the honour of making my first appearance in his presence,—'no after cares shall ever divert my mind from the pleasing task of imparting the rudiments of instruction unto *thine*. From this moment I forswear the world; I will retire to the country; and there, secluded from society, my whole time shall be devoted to the delightful employment of training thy infant steps to virtue. No hireling governess shall interfere in this sacred duty, and on me alone shall devolve the great, the important charge.' My father was an enthusiast in every thing, and rapid in all he said or did. His favourite axiom was, that only the shortest possible time should elapse between the conception of a great design and its execution; and, unlike axiomatists in general, he practised what he taught: accordingly, the moment that he had determined to retire from society, in order to devote himself to me, he gave orders for the breaking up of his town establishment, and would have commenced my education *tout de suite*, had not my nurse respectfully hinted, that I was only a few days

old, and that it was not customary to teach babies any science till they could speak. The funeral of my mother, and the necessity of erecting an elegant monument to her memory, luckily seconded this wise suggestion; and my father's mind was soon too fully occupied in discussing the comparative merits of Gothic and Grecian architecture, to allow him to waste a single thought on me. Whilst he was meditating on temples and urns, and perplexing himself with every possible order of columns, all was well; but, unfortunately, buildings cannot be in progress for ever, and the mausoleum was finished before my reasoning faculties were sufficiently developed to enable me to receive instruction. Consequently, when my father, with a constancy of purpose very unusual to him, sent for me into his library to commence my education, about twelve months after my mother's death, he found me so stupid that he gave up the task in despair. 'It is very strange,' said he, as he rang for my nurse, and I made my exit in a violent fit of crying, 'that the passions begin to develop themselves so much sooner than the understanding. Incipient vanity sparkled in the eyes of that little creature when I shewed her my watch, and anger now swells in her youthful bosom; yet her mind is a perfect blank.' My father paused, and fell into a fit of musing, from which he only roused himself to take down and examine the different authors who have written upon the development of the human mind: unfortunately their theories did not correspond with his experience; and, after a fruitless study of some hours, he threw them aside, and employed himself in sketching out a plan for my education."

Luckily, an aunt saves her from the risk of, amid these systems, not being educated at all.

"At sixteen I was presented, and of course was instantly surrounded by crowds of adorers, who were lavish in praise of my beauty, my talents, my wit,—in short, every thing but my fortune; which, being a thing of no consideration in the eyes of necessitous young men of fashion, no doubt entirely escaped their notice. As I was an heiress, and consequently did not want to marry for an establishment,—and as romance did not happen to be in fashion,—I had no temptation to fall in love; the ordinary provocation of acting against the will of cross relations was also wanting; for my father and aunt, who were both a thousand times more romantic than myself, seemed to expect, as I was rich, that, as a matter of course, I must fix my affections upon some one who was poor. My aunt actually seemed almost disappointed when she found that I overlooked all the handsome youths of slender expectations who presented themselves before me, and that I liked myself too well to think much of any one else. My father, indeed, had no leisure to bestow many thoughts upon me; for his ardent mind was now entirely engrossed by a new subject. He had made a speech soon after taking his seat in the House of Lords which had been warmly applauded, and he now thought of nothing but politics. No persuasions could induce him to relinquish a debate; he spoke on every question, and voted in every division. No one exceeded him in patriotism, though I really forget whether he was a Whig or a Tory; and in the days I speak of, there was some difference between them. I only know that his speeches were generally two hours long, and that upon important occasions he used to send for me into the library, that I might hear him rehearse. Hours of penance! how I used to

rejoice when ye were over;—yet I loved my father; but, unfortunately, I had no genius for politics, and did not like long speeches. I had a large fortune from my mother; and as every one knew that if my father did not marry again, a circumstance that seemed by no means probable, I should in due time become Countess of Montessor in my own right, with all the funds, lands, and tenements, thereunto belonging, I had innumerable offers,—more, I verily believe, than the once celebrated Harriet Byron, though I certainly could not boast that I possessed half the charms of that paragon of perfection. No Sir Charles Grandison, however, 'bowed upon my hand;' and no one certainly ever ran away with me. Lovers take things more quietly now than they did fifty years ago. I am sure I do not know why, though, I dare say, ingenious hands might trace the cause to the National Debt, the Court of Chancery, or the Catholic Question; for I remember, during my political studies, that they seemed the roots of all evil. None of my lovers, luckily, being desperate, I enjoyed in their fullest extent those halcyon days of woman's life when all appears *en couleur de rose*;—when beauty is in its brightest bloom, and admiration gives animation to society,—till suddenly my happiness received a severe shock from the death of my father. He caught cold while waiting in the lobby for his carriage, after speaking with tremendous energy in the senate. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,' said a brother peer a few nights after his death, having contrived, with statesman-like skill, to introduce a funeral oration on his friend into a debate on Catholic emancipation. 'He died on the field of glory,' observed another. Many shook their heads, some sighed, more admired the eloquence of the orators who lamented his loss,—and after that my father was forgotten."

We have before stated that our heiress marries; and we shall finish with a chance observation or two.

"French women certainly think a good deal of effect. I believe if a house full of them were to be on fire, they would all throw themselves into elegant attitudes before they called for assistance; and I have been told, that a disconsolate widow, whose grief over the tomb of her husband in the Père la Chaise used to be the admiration of all Paris, was accustomed to practise daily her exclamations of despair before a large looking-glass! \* \* \*

"As I am generally happy myself, I like to see other people so; for, let philosophers say what they will, I am convinced nothing makes us so much disposed to view our fellow-creatures in a favourable light, as being in perfect good humour with ourselves; whereas, when we are in trouble and distress we get cross and ill-tempered, we are disposed to find fault with every thing, and cannot bear to see other people pleased, because we feel miserable."

We regret we have not room for some graphic pictures of Hungary; and shall only say that this is a very original as well as amusing work, and one which we think will be universally liked. We congratulate the author.

*Travels in the Interior of Mexico, in 1825-6-7-8.*  
By Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R.N. 8vo.  
pp. 540. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

WE are not Hottentots, but civilised critics; and will not, therefore, receive the accounts of the gallant author of these travels in the rude manner recorded in the note at the bottom of our page 722; though, like Mr. Waterton, in



his "Wanderings," we confess he has somewhat staggered us with the strange facts he relates. Being a commissioner for the Company formed to fish for pearls and coral in the Gulf of California, the worthy lieutenant certainly proceeded on an errand that was likely to produce unexpected and extraordinary results; but we were not prepared for the very unexpected and extraordinary results stated in this volume. As an example, we will begin with a sub-marine tale, founded on descents to drag the pearly treasure from the deep.

"The oyster secures itself so firmly to the rocks by its beard, that it requires no little force to tear it away; and as its external surface is full of sharp points, the hands are soon severely cut by them. The effect of the buoyancy of the water is also curious. At the depth of seven or eight fathoms, it requires exertion to keep down; and if you then attempt to lay hold on a rock with the hands, you find yourself as it were suspended, so that if you let go your hold you will immediately tumble upwards! I remember, the first oyster I ever met with was at the depth of four fathoms only; my head was almost touching it; and forgetting, in my pleasure, to strike out with my legs, as I stretched forward my hand to catch hold of the prize, to my astonishment, the oyster slipped from my grasp, and I found myself nearly at the surface of the water the next instant; so that I had all my labour for nothing. So firmly does the oyster fix himself to the rock, that, in order to tear him away, it is necessary to get "a purchase" upon him, by placing the feet on the bottom. The excessive difficulty of doing this is incredible: it requires the muscular strength of the whole body to overcome the resistance of the water's buoyancy. I have no doubt that, by means of its long beard, the oyster has the power of locomotion, and that it changes its situation according to its pleasure or convenience. One principal object of inquiry, however, was obtained; namely, the true situation of the shells under water. I found that I had been in a complete error in supposing them formed in beds; that is, in heaps, as the word bed would seem to indicate. With this impression I left England, and continued in it till I had now convinced myself, by actual investigation, of the error into which I had been led by every body with whom I had conversed on the subject. Indeed, a moment's reflection would have pointed out the impossibility of the oysters being piled in heaps together in this gulf. This fish always seeks for tranquillity, which it could never find in situations exposed to currents, and motion occasioned by the undulations of the water. I always found them in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks. This brings me to consider the reason why a diving-bell, at least in the Gulf of California, can never be profitably employed. After reaching the bottom, if the greater surface be considered bottom, there are frequently found chasms in the rock below, which extend from one to two, or even three, fathoms lower. It is down these apertures that the diver may most generally expect to meet with oysters, which even here conceal themselves in the cavities of the rock; and as the power of vision fails in so dense a medium, particularly if the depth be considerable, and the surface rough, the diver is obliged to insert not his hand only, but even his head, into every hole and corner, like a person groping about in the dark; holding on, the while, by the points of the rock, to prevent his rising to the top, in consequence of the water's buoy-

ancy, at the depth, for example, of seven or eight fathoms, beyond which I cannot speak from experience. The perception of objects under water at this depth is very indistinct, and their magnitude is augmented, so that a very small shell appears of large dimensions, and the diver is frequently mortified by the discovery of the mistake when he rises. It is strange that the deception should not be detected by the touch; but it would appear, that in the same way as the eyes measure the capacity of the stomach, so also do they convey to the hands a sort of conviction that the apparent is the true size; so that these organs take pleasure in mutually deluding each other! The fissures in the rocks, in these submarine situations, do not frequently exceed ten inches or a foot; so that in descending, the back, chest, knees, and heels, are sometimes dreadfully lacerated. If, then, not even a shark could follow a diver in these situations, how is it possible that a diving-bell, which is considerably broader, should be able to do so? The idea that it could, is only to be entertained by a person as grossly ignorant of the circumstance as I was before I convinced myself of the truth. In fact, it might be said that the men in a diving-bell would remain suspended half way between hopes and realization, and would feel, as I sometimes did when I was crawling about the bottom, "like a fish out of water;"—an odd expression, by the by, for a fellow eight fathoms deep! I am convinced that there is no stimulant so great as hope. Under its influence, the diver is insensible to danger, although he sees himself surrounded by sharks of prodigious magnitude. Armed with his short stick,\* he considers the invasion of so formidable an enemy's domain as unworthy of a moment's hesitation. Anxious to grasp the prize, he pays little regard to the price of its attainment, which he no sooner possesses than he is ready to fight the stoutest of the finny race. I have myself descended when the horizon was filled with the projecting fins of sharks rising above the surface of the water; and although armed only in the way I have described, I thought myself perfectly secure from molestation; notwithstanding they were swimming round me in all directions, at not a greater distance than a few fathoms, I continued my pursuits with the greatest sang froid. I should no more be capable, in my cool moments of reflection, of braving this inconceivably horrible danger, where I might have been mangled and torn to pieces by one of these implacable monsters, than of entering the tiger's den before his breakfast, at Exeter Change. But when the passions are concentrated into one point, though that point be on the verge of eternity, hope still attends us. On these occasions how sensibly have I felt, and how often repeated, the beautiful lines of the enraptured poet!—

— "Methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced deep."

Don Pablo Ochoa, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave me the following account of one of his watery adventures:—The Placer de la Piedra negada, which is near Loreto, was supposed to have quantities of

\* "This stick is about nine inches long, and is pointed at both ends. The diver grasps it in the middle, and when attacked by a shark, he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws, in such a position, that, in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points; thus secured, he can do no mischief, but swims away with his martyrdom; the diver rises, and seeks a new weapon of defence."

† Where did Lieut. Hardy find this quotation? we do not remember a more barbarous mutilation of Shakespeare.

very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection; and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinteréro still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird. He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *goût*! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo: one to suffer himself to be drowned—the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud, by which himself and the tinteréro were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the

\* We have ourselves seen something like this,—it was in a pantomime, where Grimaldi was thrown overboard from a vessel, and got to the bottom of the sea. He, too, seemed to be terribly frightened by the big fish.



water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

As one such story is as good as a hundred to illustrate a work, we shall for the present content ourselves with this single extract. The author's fault seems to be a strong desire to be facetious, which leads to satirically exaggerated pictures of what he saw, and is about the last quality we would covet in a description of countries little known to European travellers. Still there is much to amuse us in this publication, and we shall probably return to it again; though we really wish the writer had been a less clever and more common-place matter-of-fact man. His accounts of his own exploits certainly prove him to be *nomine felix*!

*The Romance of History. Spain.* By Don T. de Trueba. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Ball.

WE really do cordially advise our readers to get these volumes as soon as possible. This is the dulllest of November weather: the Water Company, with their usual attention to the public taste, have cleared out the Basin in the Green Park in the most pleasant and preparatory manner, for the indulgence of our national propensity; Term began on the sixth; and suicide and suing now menace a thousand dangers. At such a season, books like these are an absolute act of patriotism, merging the dreary and dismal present in the dimly seen and thence beautiful past. Gentle reader, draw the crimson curtain—stir the fire with that proper mixture of prudence and force which is the happy medium between leaving the fire to darkness and decay, and raking all the coals out of the grate—light your lamp—place yourself gracefully on your sofa or in your arm-chair,—we say gracefully, because grace is ease—open these pages;—and forthwith, if a gentleman, begin fancying yourself as brave, as handsome, as victorious, as the gallant knights of old; or if a lady, dream yourself as beautiful and as beloved as the heroines;—and we promise you, without fail, a very pleasant evening. Our limits will not permit any thing like analysis of the vast store of romantic deed and wild adventure contained in this work: the "Romance of History" is a fitting title for the chronicles of Spain. We scarcely know which legend to select; but choose the following, for its length, as well as for the lighter tone which contrasts it with its graver companions. It is a tale of the minority of Henry III., whose guardians treated their young monarch somewhat cavalierly.

"One day, the king, returning from shooting quails, his favourite pastime, came into his palace later than he was expected. He waited patiently for some time in expectation of his dinner; but perceiving no sort of preparation, he ordered his page to inquire of his purveyor the cause of this unpardonable neglect. After a short time the page returned, but appeared for some time unwilling to speak. 'Well, Fadrique,' said the king, 'what accident has happened in the palace that causes this delay? Has my purveyor or cook died suddenly?' 'No, please my liege,' answered the page; 'but there is no dinner ready.' 'By Santiago, this is scarcely excusable!' quoth Henry; 'surely there is no need of much preparation, for my frugality is well known: tell them to prepare any thing; but bid them make haste—for the chase has more than usually sharpened my appetite.' The page went back with these commands, and soon after returned, accompanied, not by a troop of servants laden with the dinner, but

simply by the major-domo, or steward, exhibiting a most dismal and lengthened visage.

'Our Lady defend us!' cried the king, 'what ails thee, Martos, that can bring thee into our presence with those woful looks? Speak boldly, man; why is my dinner not ready?' 'I crave your *altesa's* forgiveness,' replied Martos; 'but the dinner—' 'Well, the dinner—what's become of the dinner?' returned Don Henry, with a smile: 'has it all been devoured by the cats, or has it been spoiled by the cook?' The major-domo gave an expressive shake of his head, which served as a prologue to his unwelcome intelligence. 'I am sorry to bring such bad information to my king; but there is nothing now in the palace to serve up for dinner.' 'Never mind,' resumed the king, good humouredly; 'any thing will do; you know that, in this respect, I am not difficult to please; now go and observe my orders.' But Martos, instead of going, most pertinaciously kept his ground, throwing at the same time additional solemnity into his already but too ominous looks. 'Señor,' he resumed, 'there is not wherewithal in the palace to prepare a meal for a boor, much less for the sovereign of Castile! We are totally unprovided, and—' 'Well, by my troth,' cried the king, with a mixture of vexation and laughter, 'such want of provision is inexcusable! My dinners have all along been so very moderate and plain, that I could not expect they stood in need of much preparation. I do not think that any respectable citizen fares more homely than his sovereign; and yet this poor meal cannot be had when it is called for. It is singular, certainly; but, as I must have something to eat, go and send me a slice of cold meat, with some vegetables.' 'I am deeply concerned, my liege,' replied the evil-boding major-domo; 'but we have neither cold meat nor vegetables of any sort to lay on the table.' 'This is really curious!' observed the king; 'why, I suppose that if I were to ask for a crust of bread, I should run a chance of not obtaining it?' The silence of Martos very plainly told his master that he was just in his surmises. 'At all events, bid the cook prepare the game which I have brought from the chase; I suppose I can have that,—unless, indeed, there is some magical process here that conspires against my dining.' The king, whilst his meal was preparing, began to reflect deeply on the utter destitution exhibited in his larder. Aware that many more secrets would come to light, he resolved to investigate the matter thoroughly, and learn what could be the real motive that produced such poverty in his household."

He hears that the Archbishop of Toledo gives a splendid fête that day, to which he obtains admittance in the disguise of a musician. "The king was struck, no less at the high tone of the guests, than at the magnificence of the banquet. The most costly delicacies were heaped upon the convivial board, and a crowd of attendants waited on the arrogant grandees. Don Henry took his station by a corner, from which he could minutely observe what was going forward, and hear the various remarks that fell from the lips of the company. 'Thy looks proclaim thee young,' quoth the archbishop, 'and you have made good progress in the musical craft. Who art thou?' 'Alack!' answered the king, 'most learned and reverend señor, I am a poor, houseless orphan, reduced to the greatest want; indeed, good sirs, to-day I have not been blessed with a dinner.' 'Poor youth!' muttered the archbishop; 'give him something to eat. Have

you always been in this dependent state?'

'Oh no, great sir; humble and insignificant as I now appear, I am of noble birth and parentage; but, unfortunately, my father died when I was a child, and my tutors, instead of fulfilling conscientiously the duties of their charge, despoiled me of my inheritance, and reduced me to such destitution that, as you see, good señores, I am actually compelled to wander about in search of a meal: this is the truth, so help me God!' 'A very interesting youth,' observed Don Pedro de Mendoza, one of the greatest depredators of the king's treasures; 'and it is shocking indeed to hear such an instance of injustice towards an orphan.' 'Heaven bless you, my honoured master,' returned the king, 'for your benevolence and kindness; but how much more will your generous feelings be kindled, when I tell you, that at the very time that I am depending upon the noble archbishop's bounty and charity for a meal, my cruel and sinful guardians are most prodigally feasting at my expense!' 'Holy Santiago keep me in his grace!' cried the conscientious prelate with warmth; such unprincipled conduct ought to be visited by the indignation of God and man. What think you of it, my noble *Caballeros*? 'If the youth speaks truth in all,' said the Marquess of Villena, 'a complaint ought to be presented to government, that the sufferer may be righted, and his wrongers punished.' 'Oh! certainly,' observed Mendoza, 'they ought to be compelled to make full and ample restitution.' 'In sooth, Don Pedro,' returned the prelate, 'it strikes me that would scarcely be punishment enough for the offenders. I do not think justice would be hard upon them, if their guilt were visited by confinement, or even death.' 'Most reverend señor,' said the king, 'with all due respect to your learning and conscience, perchance what you propose savours of severity.' 'Not in the least,' returned the archbishop; 'such is the sentence I would give, if I were to be the judge upon the occasion.' 'May all the saints bless you, señor!' cried Henry; 'ere long I shall appeal to you, that ample right may be done me.'

On his return to the palace, Henry began to reflect upon some scheme which might deeply humiliate the delinquent nobles, and procure him ample reparation for his wrongs. From that moment he was confirmed in his previous resolution, of taking the reins of government into his own hands. A few days after the preceding event, he would complete his sixteenth year, and he chose that moment to carry his plans into effect. With this determination he retired to rest. On the morrow he sent a formal invitation to his grandees, spiritual and temporal, desiring them to assist in a grand entertainment, with which it was his intention to treat his noble and distinguished friends on his birth-day. After this he took no further notice of the affair, but received the archbishop, the Marquess of Villena, Mendoza, and the rest of the party, in the usual manner; not the remotest suspicion existing among them that their unjustifiable conduct was fully known to the king. Henry's birth-day at length arrived, and the grandees most joyfully attended the royal invitation; indeed, they were very eager to see what entertainment could be prepared by the king, considering the indifferent state of his coffers. Perhaps a treasure had been discovered, or perhaps their lord had borrowed from the King of Arragon, or some other prince in Spain. But yet it puzzled Don Pedro de Mendoza amazingly, how, if there was a treasure, it had escaped

from his clutches; or, if a loan had been made, how his vigilance could have been eluded, to prevent his deriving any profit from the transaction. Henry had given circulation to various rumours concerning the splendour of the feast; and the grandees, leaving their surmises to be satisfied by the event, repaired to the palace on the wings of expectation. As they gradually arrived, they were shewn into one of the chambers, where they were to wait until they were all assembled, and the doors of the banquetting hall thrown open for their reception. The wished-for moment at length arrived. With much ceremony they were conducted to the saloon destined for the feast. But what was their amazement at the sight which offered itself to their eyes? Instead of a decorated saloon, they found one which was almost tenantless from want, not only of ornament, but even of the most indispensable furniture. A long, unpolished deal table, with benches of the same humble materials, were the only things in the room. The king himself, clad in complete armour, sat at the head of the homely board, which contained no food whatever, except a piece of hard, coarse bread, and a jug of water, for each of the guests. Henry, with much affability, desired the guests to take their seats, and to do justice to the fare he had prepared for them. 'It is perchance not dainty enough,' he said; 'but I know full well the extent of your attachment and fidelity to my person not to receive with content any favour, however humble, which comes from my hands.' The grandees put on the best smiles they could command in so difficult a situation, and, sitting round the table, used their endeavours to push down their rebellious throats the hard and unsavoury food placed before them. They were puzzled to make out the meaning of this singular scene; but they had shrewdness enough to suspect that there was some mystery at the bottom. Again the good humour and affability of the king tempted them to imagine that the whole affair was a whim. Perhaps it was an exhibition emblematical of the self-denials and hard fare to which the ancient warriors had often been subjected; and indeed the armour in which Henry was equipped made the supposition probable. The king meantime devoured his portion of the food, in which he was rather well imitated by his guests, considering the very difficult nature of the task. 'I am afraid,' he then said, 'you have not found your repast to your satisfaction, but I hope you may relish the second course much better.' The announcement of a second course made the guests open their ears, and their eyes glistened with anticipation. They were confirmed in their surmises that the whole affair was a joke to give zest to the feast which was in store for them. Under this impression they rose up and followed the king, who now conducted them to another apartment where the second course of the dinner was said to be laid out. They entered the place, when, lo! their countenances fell for the second time. Upon a view of the room it appeared that the joke was prolonged; and indeed if the thing were a joke at all, it must be confessed to have been one of a most unpleasant and serious description. The place was hung with black, the light of day shut out, and the gloomy glimmer of two or three lamps substituted in its stead. Awful emblems of death were also visible on every side; there was a long board covered with a black pall, supporting a coffin; a large crucifix stood in front of it, and a skull, a friar's habit, a book of prayer, and all the paraphernalia of death, were dimly exhibi-

bited to the astonished and chilled sight of the grandees. The king now ordered the doors to be shut upon his guests, and in a firm and commanding voice proceeded to address them. 'Behold the second course of your dinner! but before I suffer your indulging in it, as well as in the dessert which is to crown the feast, I must put a few preliminary questions. You, Sir Archbishop, in due consideration of your exalted capacity and distinguished rank, are perhaps the most proper person to give the desired answers.' After a short pause, he continued, in a more austere tone—'Tell me now, truly, how many kings have you known in Castile?' 'Why, please your highness,' answered the bewildered prelate, 'I have known three: the great Don Henrique, of Trastamara, your grandsire, your father Don Juan, and your gracious self.' The king then put the same question to several others of the grandees, and they answered, two or three, according to their age. Henry, assuming an indignant frown, exclaimed—'For shame, *Caballeros!* you prevaricate and deceive your sovereign: the eldest of you asserts that he has known three kings of Castile only; and how can this be, when I, who am so very much your inferior in years, have seen at least half a dozen?' 'Another point remains to be settled,' resumed Henry. 'You have seen the sort of entertainment I have prepared for you. It certainly cannot be compared in splendour to the one lately given by the Lord Archbishop of Toledo. In that, to me, ever memorable banquet you may remember a certain orphan minstrel was present, whose wrongs you all volunteered to redress. I have taken the task upon myself, and by the holy Santiago, and by my honour, I swear that the orphan shall have most ample reparation!' The archbishop and his companions were thunderstruck at these words; they prudently abstained from opening their lips in vindication, but preserved a deep silence, in anxious suspense for the catastrophe of this drama. This indeed took place even sooner than they expected. The king made a sign, and a secret door was opened, from which a civil officer, a priest, and an executioner, came forward: the ominous sight chilled the delinquent nobles with dismay. The black pall was partially removed, and the block and the axe were discovered to the view. Don Henry proceeded—'Sir, you are in the case of the orphan; it is by your own sentence that you are condemned. First, then, you must sign a confession of your guilt, and a deed by which you give back to the rightful owner what your rapacity has usurped.' These documents were quickly signed by the tutors. 'It now only remains,' resumed the king, in a stern tone of voice, 'to carry into effect the second part of the sentence pronounced by the Archbishop of Toledo. My lords, commend your souls to God, and prepare for death.' At these awful words the prelate and his horror-stricken companions immediately prostrated themselves at the feet of their offended sovereign, and, pleading guilty, endeavoured by their prayers to soften his heart and obtain pardon. The king, who, as we have already stated, had no particle of cruelty in his disposition, and who perhaps had only meant to give a serious lesson to his nobles, after a short time relaxed from his imposing attitude, and released the culprits from their painful suspense. 'You are forgiven,' he said; 'for I would not darken my birth-day with deeds of blood. But you shall remain in strict confinement until a full and satisfactory restitution is made to the crown of

all your shameful spoliations. Those of my guests whom I have summoned here merely to be spectators of this scene and profit by the lesson, may depart in peace; but those who formed the regency, and who have answered so shamefully to the trust reposed in them, must be accompanied to prison by my faithful officers. There they shall remain until my just demands are satisfied.'

So much for the work; and now for a few words in commendation of the author, who has executed his task with equal spirit, industry, and ability, and set forth an immense mass of historical information in its most attractive form. We cannot conclude without remarking on the general accuracy of his style. Don T. de Trueba is an extraordinary instance of a foreigner mastering so many of the beauties and niceties of composition in a tongue so difficult and so peculiar as is our English language.

*A Letter to Lord Robert Seymour; with a Report of the Number of Lunatics and Idiots in England and Wales.* By Sir Andrew Halliday, K.H. and M.D. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1829. Underwoods.

If there be any one species of disease—if there be any one condition of human suffering—better entitled or more forcibly recommending itself to our kindly sympathies than another, who will say that it is not that of the "bereft in mind?" Is there one amongst us who can contemplate the moment when he may be stricken of his reasoning faculties—when all the vigour and energy, the meditations and hopes, the blissful hours and elevating enjoyments, all the thousand delights, which spring from the rational exercise of his mental powers—all that lends to human existence its sunshine and its value—may be wrested from his grasp?—is there one amongst us who can contemplate such a moment of utter destitution as this, and refuse to follow us, with a willing and opened heart, whither the hand of human commiseration beckons, and the voice of self-love and Christian benevolence calls us? For ourselves, we confess that the active exertions of the author in this great though neglected field, during a period of more than twenty years, give him a claim upon our notice, which renders us the more anxious that the present fruits of his researches should be universally diffused and appreciated amongst our reflecting fellow-countrymen. And even, though destitute of so powerful a recommendation as this, a subject which comes home to the feelings of the most abject of our race, would not fail to justify towards every reader a much more extended consideration of it than what can be expected from the slender limits of a weekly journal.

What this active philanthropist has effected for the ameliorated treatment of the wretched objects of mental bereavement, throughout Scotland and Ireland, is gratefully recorded, not merely by the public voice, but the improved state and discipline, and the extended institution of lunatic asylums, in both those kingdoms. He has, happily for us, turned his experienced attention to their wretched condition in our own land; and we bid him take fresh courage and boldness under the difficulties which have been disgracefully opposed to him; because we feel that the hand and heart of England will be with him. We say that the state of the lunatic and idiot in this country has "happily" excited his attention, because recent and authentic returns have shewn, not only that insanity, in all its forms, prevails to

a most alarming extent in England, but that the numbers of the afflicted have become more than tripled during the last twenty years: where, in 1810, one in three thousand of our population were thus mentally chastened, one in every thousand individuals is now bereft of all that makes life dear to man!

And how vast is not our debt to those who devote their labours to the staying of so widely increasing an evil, when we find the author speaking of it as a sort of monster, from which even the kindly-minded recoil! "I have known men of enlarged minds, and of the greatest humanity—men whose understandings I have considered as the most enlightened—whose ideas I know to be the most liberal—fly from every investigation of this subject as from a pest-house!" Had he not spoken of men of enlarged minds and of humanity, we should have considered his allusion to apply to those heartless legislators whose short-sighted financial wisdom has imparted such fatal vigour to the consumption of narcotic liquors and ardent spirits—the monopoly of public breweries, and the circulation of excise licenses! But Sir Andrew has not attempted, much less shall we attempt, to trace the lamentable increase of lunacy to any such fiscal scourges as these, prolific as they are in spreading that moral contagion which must ultimately destroy both body and soul. It is "sufficient unto the day" that we should mark the melancholy results of our own analysis of his inquiries; and we give them with the more satisfaction, because they corroborate his own, though presenting the subject, we conceive, under a somewhat more distinct point of view.

Taking the whole population, comparatively with the number of lunatics and idiots, in 38 counties of England, there appear to be 1 insane person in every 1052 souls; and in 12 counties in Wales, 1 in every 800!

Of the 38 English counties, 16 fall under the head of "agricultural," and give 1 insane person in every 850; 8 under that of "agricultural and manufacturing," giving 1 in 1026; 11 under that of "manufacturing," giving 1 in 1380; and 3 under that of "mining," giving 1 in 900: so that it would appear mental disease commits the greatest devastation in those very districts where we should have presumed the existence of a superior state of physical vigour and general health.

We add, that the author finds in 6 maritime counties, 1 insane person in 1000; and in 6 inland counties, 1 in every 1165; and that out of the 13,710 insane persons found in England and Wales, 6,100 only are in confinement; the remainder being at large, or taken care of by relatives or friends.

In this early stage of his inquiries, he is wisely cautious of drawing inferences; but the following observations could not have escaped a far less diligent investigator, and we recommend them to the reader's attention. "Throughout the whole of England, wherever the majority of the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, the proportion of insane persons, especially idiots, is more than the general average in the manufacturing districts. The manufacturers of cotton are not so subject to mental diseases as those engaged in the several branches of our woollen manufactures. The average proportion in the county of Northampton (where three-fifths of the population are employed in agriculture) is greater than in any other county of the same extent in England, being 1 to every 650 of the population." And lastly, "in Norfolk, where the excitement of manufacturing uncertainty and occasional dis-

treas has prevailed to a great degree in and about Norwich, and very frequently in other parts of the county, it is to be noticed, that the increase of insanity has not been so great as among the more settled and regular agricultural population of Suffolk."

We are willing, with the author, to believe, that our inattention to this most interesting of subjects has arisen more from ignorance of the extent of the evil and of its rapid increase, than either from inhumanity or indifference to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures: and we feel that we have discharged one of the duties of our public calling by bespeaking the attention and sympathies of the reader in favour of that wretched class, with whom "life's fondest scenes are darkened down to naked wastes!"

*Reisen in Egypten, &c.* By Dr. Hemprich and Dr. Ehrenberg.

(Second notice: conclusion.)

*Mehemed Ali, Pasha of Egypt.*—Though the features of Mehemed Ali Pasha may carry weight and effect with them among the natives of the East, they will make as little impression upon a European as the "outward signs" of his corporeal presence. His body is well proportioned, and of the middling size; whilst the diminutive form of his face clearly betrays his Albanian extraction; for the genuine Ottoman is usually distinguished by a large head and oval countenance. His features derive the liveliness of their expression from the effect of a small sparkling eye. The phlegm, which is peculiar to the bearing of the Turk, is a stranger to Mehemed's character; and though his oriental costume and manners may give him an appearance of unwieldiness in the eyes of a European, still he possesses, in a very remarkable degree, personal animation. I did not see him in any other posture than when he was sitting or riding.

If it be required of an extraordinary being that he should be characterised by something out of the common way in external circumstance, this characteristic would readily be found in the simplicity which surrounds him. In the ante-chamber of his open hall of audience were both *Crethi* and *Plethi*, and at times such a clatter and noise would assail our ears, as to make us forgetful of our proximity to the pasha's presence. In more recent times he has encircled himself by a regular body-guard, but at the time when we saw him there was neither the form nor the perceptible existence of any such array. The soldiers were hanging about in a careless sort of manner, though armed in the fashion of the country. His mamelukes appeared to be the only individuals who personally protected him; and even they, properly speaking, were enacting the part of servants. The entrances, both to the palace as well as the divan, were entirely destitute of soldiery. All sorts of men, even of the very lowest classes, were rambling about upon the steps and within the ante-chamber. When Boghos Jussuf (his prime-minister) introduced us, the pasha saluted us; and the minister, as filling the post of chief interpreter, invited us to sit down upon a divan opposite to the pasha. The latter was seated, in his caftan, upon his divan, which stood near a window facing the harbour; he was smoking from a long Turkish pipe, and an English telescope was lying at his side. We were habited in the mameluke costume with a red *djibé*, or upper garment of light Cashemire wool, turbans, and long beards; and it was natural that the pasha, to whom mention

had been often made of us, should open the conversation by asking us how we were pleased with our new dress, and why we had not retained our European costume? Dr. Hemprich explained to him that we had adopted it in order that we might be less annoyed by the inquisitiveness and taunts of the Arabs. On thanking him for the letters of protection he had given us, he asked us whether we had been well received on every occasion? and then, whether we had found any of the precious metals in the country? In reply, I drew his attention to a rich and useful stratum of iron, which we had found in Dongola; and added, that no part of Egypt, Dongola, or the environs of the Nile, which we had explored, afforded any trace whatever of other metals. He then desired Boghos Jussuf to tell us, that he was much pleased with our being in Alexandria, as he was aware that we always gave medical advice to the sick. Coffee was presented to us during the conversation. Boghos stood near the pasha: and on the same divan with Mehemed sat Nedjib Effendi, the Constantinopolitan envoy, who had the pasha's youngest daughter, a child two years of age, on his lap. Ismael Gibraltar, the admiral of the fleet, was also present, joined at times in the conversation, and sat himself down beside us without any sort of ceremony.

As regards the etiquette observed on such occasions, we learned that the individuals in his service stand in his presence, and that he invites none to take their seats on the divan placed opposite to his own, excepting individuals of rank, heads of religions, wealthy persons who are not in his service, and Europeans. The presentation of coffee is a still greater mark of distinction; but he does not order a pipe to be offered to any but such parties of high rank as are either in his confidence or are immediately connected with him: such are consuls, &c. The greatest honour he can confer is to invite a person to sit down on the same divan as himself. In the latter case, he rises a little when he makes his salutation.

Mehemed Ali Pasha was born at Cavala, a town of ancient Macedonia, not far from the shores of the Grecian Archipelago, and is now (1827) in the sixtieth year of his age; he was consequently born in the year 1767. Ibrahim Aga, his father, was at the head of the police in that place. The son was fond of a military life, though, by way of speculation, he embarked in the more lucrative trade of tobacco. At the time of the French expedition, he crossed over to Egypt with the contingent ordered from his district, and became an officer in the Turkish army, which, under the auspices of the English, defeated the plans of their adversaries. He made himself beloved on every occasion, and his activity and dauntless bravery placed him at the head of every enterprise which was undertaken. He commanded the Albanese, his own countrymen; a body of men which was distinguished beyond any other by its daring and recklessness, and powerfully seconded his plans, whilst he himself suffered no qualms of conscience to deter him, where he could, from administering to their necessities. In the first instance, his plans appear to have had no object beyond the upholding of his sway in this corps; and nothing but the ease with which he saw it was possible to advance his fortunes, amidst the confusion of the moment, prompted him to turn it to his individual account. Force and fraud were alike the stepping stones to the attainment of his ends. He knew no sincerity in the compacts he entered into with his oppo-



nents, and took advantage of any weak or imprudent points in their terms to precipitate their downfall. Wherever peaceably disposed persons or public bodies possessed privileges which obstructed his designs, he contrived to get rid of them, or to render them subservient to his purposes, accordingly as he found it best or easiest. He has never treated individuals of inferior consideration with harshness, injustice, or cruelty. By these means he has not only brought the whole of Egypt, Nubia, and Dongola, under his dominion, but the greater part of them are become his personal property and possession, as he has gradually taken the land itself in payment from such proprietors as could not discharge their taxes; and, by narrowing their means of subsistence, has forced them to fertilise lands which lay waste, though susceptible of cultivation; taking care that they should hold the new soil under leases from himself.

Mehemed Ali has afforded numerous proofs of pecuniary disinterestedness. He is not of a cast to brood over accumulated treasures. His voluntary remittances to Constantinople are more than twice as much as Egypt ever sent before, and his special largesses exceed even these. His indefatigable mind is constantly intent upon strengthening his dominion by enlarging its sphere; and growing discontent, or the mere appearance of it, is instantly stifled in its birth. As lord of Egypt, he is the self-created successor of Kourschid Pasha, from the year 1804; but he was not confirmed by the feeble government of Constantinople, which always leans to the side of the stronger, until the aid of his Albanese had placed Cairo in his grasp. Since he has been sovereign and pasha of Egypt, he has studiously avoided even the appearance of being opposed to the Turkish government; though he has artfully contrived to render the military service he owed to it subservient to the execution of his own designs. His calculating commercial spirit is the peculiar quality in his character, which has given him political eminence, has brought the resources of Egypt into play, and can never quit him whilst its fruits incite him to fresh efforts. It is of indispensable necessity towards the power and prosperity of Egypt, at a time when the interior of Africa is so scantily cultivated, that it should have a quick and regular demand for its rich produce in the west of Europe. An interruption to its commerce might give a very different aspect to the state of Egypt, as well as to Mehemed's views and conduct. But before it comes to the worst, he takes pleasure in basking beneath the rays of his new-born exaltation.

Mehemed Ali has notoriously avoided every act that could imply a disposition to befriended the Christian religion. During our stay, English missionaries, seconded by the interest of the consulate, besought him to favour their plans for converting the Jews to Christianity; but they were turned back with a tolerant hint, that he did not compel the Jews to embrace Islamism, and was the less disposed to interfere in any such matter as theirs. In the year 1823 he supplied every Egyptian village, which was destitute of a place of public worship, with mosques erected at his own expense.\* Mehemed has no distaste for Rhenish, though he has not entirely abandoned the usages of the Mahomedan faith. \* \* \* It is

\* On one occasion I observed to a Fellah Arab, (a countryman.)—"Surely you have reason to be pleased with the pasha; for your country is like a garden, and all your villages have steeples!" The Arab replied, "God is great! Our master (*Effendi*) gives with one hand, and takes with two."

not in his character that he should ever turn Christian, but it is very possible he may cease to be a Mahomedan. Hitherto his mind has not wholly shaken off the fetters of prejudice, for a species of religious feeling has proved both a guide and a hindrance to him.

Mehemed has enjoyed no advantages from education; he speaks no western languages besides Turkish, Albanian, and Arabic: he learned to read and write late in life, but seldom makes use of those acquirements. Endued with a keen sense of what is best and most expedient, he has at all times lent a ready ear to extensive designs; and being withheld by no scruples of conscience, he has been enabled to bring them to a successful termination. His love for science is displayed by the patronage he confers on its disciples, and proceeds from his sense of its usefulness; though it is frequently the effect of his admiration for what is out of the common course. His attachment to Europeans is measured by the extent of their intellects and attainments; the utility of which he has learned to appreciate more sensibly of late than in earlier years. \* \* \*

What he begins, he wishes to see completed; and the greater the difficulties he has to contend with, the bolder and more efficient are the means he adopts, so long as there exists the slightest glimmering of a hopeful result. \* \*

The Egyptians sigh, but their country flourishes, and a happy future gleams through the mist of their misfortunes and ignorance. The reform begun at Constantinople was reared upon the shoulders of Mehemed's system, and Nedshib Effendi was its bearer. With Mehemed Ali a new epocha has dawned upon the East; toleration and science promise to travel once more hand in hand with Islamism; and though the means may merit reprobation, yet has a result ensued, which has raised an enduring monument to the memory of its instrument.

Mehemed Ali had three sons, Ibrahim, Tussun, and Ismael, and three daughters, two of whom are married. Tussun Pasha died of the plague in Egypt at the close of 1816, after long conducting the campaign against the Wechabites. Ismael Pasha was assassinated during a revolution in Sennaar in 1822, when I was on its frontier, and my own safety was endangered. Ibrahim Pasha has subsequently commanded in the Morea.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Constitution of the Scotch Episcopal Church, concisely stated, in a Charge delivered, in August 1829, to the Clergy of the Episcopal Communion of Brechin.* By the Right Rev. George Gleig, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Rivingtons.

THOUGH the review of theological works scarcely falls within our legitimate province, we cannot abstain from recommending this very able Charge to the notice of all our readers, lay as well as clerical. We express ourselves thus, not merely because of the high character of its author, but because the pamphlet contains by far the best outline which we have any where seen of no uninteresting portion of ecclesiastical history. The Scottish episcopal church, though at present neither wealthy nor powerful, has undergone too many vicissitudes of fortune not to be an object of interest to all inquiring minds; and we can safely assure such, that they will find in these pages more information, contained within narrower limits, than they are likely to find elsewhere. The style of the pamphlet, we need scarcely say, is at once vigorous and lucid. There is, moreover, no party bias, no spirit of polemicism,

about it; and hence it will be read by men of all persuasions with equal satisfaction. It is, therefore, as we said before, a very able, and we may now add, a very seasonable, performance.

*Select Portions of Sacred History, conveyed in Sense for Latin Verses; intended chiefly for the use of Schools.* By the Rev. Francis Hodgson, M.A. London, 1829. Taylor.

THIS is a useful book for beginners, and intended as a companion to the Hints for Verification, by the late Rev. Robert Bland. The difference between the two publications is principally this: that Mr. Bland's book consists of classical or moral, and Mr. Hodgson's of sacred poetry. Both are written by men of elegant and cultivated minds, well versed in the mysteries of Latin composition, by education at first-rate public schools. Masters who wish to give their boys a Sunday exercise in sacred poetry, and those parents or teachers who prefer such subjects on all occasions to profane ones, will do well to adopt this useful and elegant collection.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Nov. 4th. Mr. Hoblyn in the chair.—This evening the first meeting of the season took place. The Marquess of Northampton was elected a member; thanks were voted to Mr. Peel for obtaining certain bills, votes, and papers, of the House of Commons, chiefly connected with commerce, manufactures, and the arts, for the use of the Society. A great variety of communications from competitors for the Society's premiums were read; amongst them was one for a glass clock. These were generally referred to the respective committees. Baron Ferussac, director of the Bulletin Universel, made an application, requesting the Society to take some shares in the literary scheme he is at present attempting to establish in Paris. We understood the Society to decline the baron's request. This meeting being of the old series, no original paper was read by Mr. Aikin.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 2d.—The first meeting of the present session took place this evening; A. B. Lambert, Esq. one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair. There was a very full attendance of fellows.

A long paper was read on the parasitical connexion of *Lathraea squamaria*, and the peculiar structure of its subterranean leaves, by J. E. Bowman, Esq. F.L.S. Several beautiful illustrative drawings accompanied the communication. The author seems to consider that the absence of green colour, so common in parasitical plants, (for instance, *Orobanche*, *Monotropa*, and some others familiar to our botanical readers,) is to be attributed to the want of proper leaves.—Six gentlemen were admitted fellows; and seven others proposed. On the table lay a considerable number of valuable presents; amongst them, an extensive collection of plants presented by the East India Company. These had formed part of the collection brought to England lately by Dr. Wallich, superintendent of the Company's garden at Calcutta; there were also presented by J. W. Bennett, Esq., two cases, containing specimens of fish from Ceylon; together with various foreign works of literature and art.

##### ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

*M. Champollion's Thirteenth Letter—concluded.* In the tomb of Rhames V. the halls or corridors which follow those I have just described are

adorned with symbolical representations, relative to the different states of the Sun, considered either physically, or more especially with reference to mythology; but these representations do not form a connected whole, and for this reason they are either totally omitted, or do not occupy the same place, in the other royal tombs. The hall preceding that of the sarcophagus, generally consecrated to the four genii of the Amenti, contains, in the most complete tombs, the appearance of the king before the tribunal of the forty-two divine judges who are to decide the fate of his soul—a tribunal only represented upon earth by that which granted or refused to the kings the honours of sepulture. An entire wall of this hall in the tomb of Rhames V. presents the images of these forty-two assessors of Osiris, mingled with the justifications which the king is supposed to present, or to cause to be presented in his name, to these austere judges, who appear to be commissioned each to inquire respecting some particular crime or sin, and to punish it in the soul subjected to their jurisdiction. This great text, divided consequently into forty-two verses or columns, is, properly speaking, only a negative confession, as may be judged by the following examples:—O God (—), the king, Sun, moderator of justice, approved by Ammon, has not committed any wickedness. The son of the Sun, Rhames, has not blasphemed. The king, Sun, moderator, &c. has not been intoxicated. The son of the Sun, Rhames, has not been idle. The king, Sun, moderator, &c. has not carried away the effects devoted to the gods. The son of the Sun, Rhames, has not told falsehoods. The king, Sun, &c. has not been a libertine. The king, Sun, &c. has not shaken his head when hearing the word of truth. The son of the Sun, Rhames, has not needlessly lengthened his words. The king, Sun, &c. has not had occasion to devour his heart (that is to say, to repent of some bad action). Lastly, by the side of this curious text, in the tomb of Rhames Meiamoun, there were figures still more curious—those of the capital sins. There remain only three that are pretty visible: these are Lasciviousness, Idleness, and Voracity, represented under the human form, with the symbolic heads of a goat, a tortoise, and a crocodile.

The grand and last hall in the tomb of Rhames V., that which contained the sarcophagus, surpasses all the others in size and magnificence. The ceiling, which is vaulted, has retained all the painting: the freshness of it is so great, that one must be accustomed to the miracles of preservation in the monuments of Egypt to persuade himself that these frail colours have withstood the effects of thirty centuries. The progress of the Sun in the two hemispheres during the astronomical day, a composition which decorates the ceilings of the first halls of the tomb, and is the general basis of all the decorations of the royal sepulchres, is here repeated on a large scale, and with more detail in certain parts. The walls of this first hall, from the basement to the ceiling, are covered with representations, sculptured and painted as in the rest of the tomb, with thousands of hieroglyphics, forming explanatory legends. The Sun is still the subject of these bas-reliefs, a great number of which likewise contain, under emblematic forms, the whole system of cosmogony, and the general principles of natural philosophy among the Egyptians. Long study alone can make out the whole meaning of these compositions, all of which I have myself copied, transcribing at the same time all the texts which accompany them.

It is the most refined mysticism; but under these emblematic appearances there are certainly ancient truths which we think very modern.

In this brief description of one of the royal tombs, I have forgotten to speak of the bas-reliefs that cover the pillars which support the several halls. They are adorations to the divinities of Egypt, and especially to those which preside over the destinies of souls, Phtha, Socharis, Atmou, the goddess Meresochar, Osiris, and Anubis. All the other tombs of the kings of Thebes, situated in the valleys of Biban-el-Molouk and the West, are adorned either with the whole, or only with a part of the representations which I have just described, according as the tombs are more or less extensive, and especially more or less finished.

The royal tombs which are really finished and complete are very few in number, namely, that of Amenophis III. (Memnon), the decorations of which are almost entirely destroyed; that of Rhames Meiamoun; that of Rhames V.; probably also that of Rhames the Great; lastly, that of Queen Thaozer: all the others are incomplete. Some terminate at the first hall, which is converted into a great sepulchral hall; others go to a second hall of the complete tombs; some even end abruptly with a small chamber, hastily excavated and rudely painted, in which was deposited the unfinished sarcophagus. This incontestably proves what I said at the beginning, that the kings gave orders for their tombs when they ascended the throne, and if death surprised them before it was finished, the work was stopped, and the tomb remained incomplete. We may, then, judge with certainty of the length of the reign of each of the kings interred at Biban-el-Molouk, by the completion, or by the more or less advanced state, of the excavation intended for their sepulture. On this subject it is to be observed, that the reigns of Amenophis III., of Rhames the Great, and of Rhames V., were, in fact, according to Manetho, each of more than thirty years, and their tombs are also the most extensive.

I have still to speak of certain peculiarities which occur in some of these royal tombs.

Some remaining walls of the tomb of Amenophis III. are covered with plain painting, but executed with much care and delicacy. The great hall contains also a portion of the course of the Sun in the two hemispheres; but this composition is painted on the walls, under the form of an immense papyrus unrolled, the figures being simply traced as in the manuscripts and the legends in lineal hieroglyphics, approaching very nearly the hieratic forms. The Royal Museum possesses rituals in this intermediate species of writing.

The tomb of this illustrious Pharaoh was discovered by one of the members of the commission of Egypt, in the valley to the west. It is probable that all the kings of the first part of the eighteenth dynasty were interred in the same valley, and that there we must look for the sepulchres of Amenophis I. and II., and of the four Thouthmosis. They cannot be discovered except by clearing away immense accumulations of earth, &c. at the foot of the great perpendicular rocks in which these tombs were excavated. This same valley conceals perhaps the last asylum of the Theban kings of the ancient periods: at least, I think myself authorised to make this inference from the existence of a second royal tomb, in a very ancient style, which has been discovered in a most retired part of the same valley, that of a Theban Pharaoh named Skhai,

who certainly does not belong to the last four Theban dynasties, namely, the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth.

In the valley properly called Biban-el-Molouk, we admired, as well as all travellers who have preceded us, the astonishing freshness of the paintings, and the delicacy of the sculpture of the tomb of Ousirei I. who in the legends takes the different surnames of Noubei, Athothi, and Amonel, and on his tomb that of Ousirei: but this fine catacomb decays more and more every day; the pillars split and give way, the ceilings fall in scales, and the painting peels off. I have had drawings made and coloured upon the spot of the richest pictures of this hypogeum, to give in Europe an exact idea of so much magnificence. I have also had drawings made of the series of nations represented on one of the bas-reliefs of the first hall of columns. I thought at first, from the copies of these bas-reliefs published in England, that these four nations, of very different races, conducted by the god Horus bearing a crook, were nations subject to the sceptre of the Pharaoh Ousirei: the study of the legends has proved to me that this picture has a more general meaning. It belongs to the third hour of the day, that in which the heat of the sun's rays begins to be felt, and warms all the inhabited countries of our hemisphere. It is meant to represent, according to the legend itself, the inhabitants of Egypt, and those of foreign countries. We have, therefore, before us the image of the several races of men known by the Egyptians; and we learn, at the same time, the great geographical or ethnographical divisions received at that remote epoch.

The men, led by Horus, the pastor of the nations, are represented to the number of twelve, but belonging to four very distinct families. The first three, those nearest the god, are of a dark-red colour, well-proportioned figures, mild countenances, a nose slightly aquiline, long braided hair, and white garments; and their legend designates them under the name of ROT-EN-NE-ROME, the race of men, or men properly so called, that is to say, the Egyptians.

The following three have a very different appearance; their skin is flesh-colour, inclining to yellow or tawny, the nose much curved, black thick beards ending in a point, and short garments of various colours: these bear the name of NAMOU (Asiatics).

There can be no doubt respecting the race of the next three; they are negroes, designated by the general name of NAHASI.

In fine, the last three have skins of what we call flesh-colour, of the most delicate whiteness, the nose straight or slightly arched, blue eyes, fair or red beards, tall and very slender figures; they are clothed in ox-hides with the hair on, and are real savages, tattooed in various parts of the body. They are called TAMHOU (Europeans).

I hastened to look for the corresponding picture in the other royal tombs; and having, in fact, found it in several of them, the variations which I observed fully convinced me that it was intended to represent here the inhabitants of the four parts of the world, according to the ancient Egyptian system; namely, first, the inhabitants of Egypt, which of itself formed one part of the world, according to the very modest custom of ancient nations; secondly, the Asiatics; thirdly, the inhabitants of Africa, the negroes; fourthly (and I am ashamed to say so, since our race is the last and most savage of the series), the Europeans, who in those remote ages did not, it must be con-

fessed, make too splendid a figure in the world. We must understand here all the people of the fair races and with light hair, inhabiting, not only Europe, but also Asia, where they had their origin.

This manner of considering these pictures is the more correct, as the same generic names recur in the other tombs, and constantly in the same order. There, too, we find the Egyptians and Africans represented in the same manner, which could not be otherwise; but the Namou (the Asiatics), and the Tamhou (the European races), offer important and curious varieties.

Instead of the Arab or the Jew, so simply clad in the tomb of Ousirei, Asia is represented in the other tombs (those of Rhameses Meimoun, &c.) by three individuals, always with tawny complexions, aquiline noses, black eyes, and bushy beards, but habited with extraordinary magnificence. In one they are evidently Assyrians; their costume, even in the minutest particulars, is perfectly similar to that of the figures engraved on the Assyrian cylinders: in the other they are Medes, or the primitive inhabitants of some part of Persia; their physiognomy and costume being in fact found in every feature on the Persepolitan monuments. Asia, therefore, was represented by one of the nations that inhabited it, indifferently. It is the same with our good old ancestors the Tamhou; their costume is sometimes different; their heads are more or less covered with hair, and decorated with different ornaments; but their fair complexions, their eyes and beards, retain all the characteristics of a separate race. I have had this curious ethnographical series copied and coloured with care. I certainly did not expect, when I arrived at Biban-el-Molouk, to find there sculptures which may serve as vignettes for the history of the primitive inhabitants of Europe, if any one should ever have the courage to undertake it. However, there is something flattering and consolatory in the sight of them, since it renders us very sensible of the progress which we have since made.

The tomb of Rhameses I., the father and predecessor of Ousirei, was buried under rubbish and *débris* fallen from the mountain: we have had it cleared. It consists of two long corridors, without sculptures, ending in a painted hall, in an astonishing state of preservation, and containing the sarcophagus of the king, of granite, only covered with paintings. This simplicity contrasts with the magnificence of the son, whose sumptuous catacomb is a few paces distant.

I was extremely desirous to find at Biban-el-Molouk the tomb of the most celebrated of the Rhameses, that of Sesostris. It, in fact, exists there,—it is the third to the right in the principal valley; but the sepulchre of this great man appears to have been exposed, either to devastation by barbarous hands, or to the ravages of accidental torrents, which have filled it up, almost as high as the ceilings. It was by digging a kind of adit through the fragments of stones which fill this interesting catacomb, that we reached, crawling, and in spite of the extreme heat, the first hall. This hypogeum, from what we can see of it, was executed upon a vast plan, and adorned with sculptures in the best style, to judge of them by the small portions which still exist. Excavations undertaken on a large scale would, doubtless, lead to the discovery of the sarcophagus of that illustrious conqueror; but we cannot hope to find there the royal mummy, for this tomb has doubtless been violated and despoiled, at a very

remote epoch, either by the Persians or by the seekers of treasures.

At the farther end of a branch of the valley, and in the vicinity of this tomb, reposed the son of Sesostris. This is a very handsome sepulchre, but not finished. I have found there a small chapel, consecrated to the manes of his father, Rhameses the Great, constructed in the thickness of the wall of an insulated apartment. The last tomb at the end of the principal valley is remarkable on account of its unfinished state. The first bas-reliefs are executed and finished with admirable delicacy and care; the decorations of the rest of the catacomb, composed of three long corridors and two halls, are merely sketched in red; and lastly we found the fragments of the granite sarcophagus of the Pharaoh, in a very small cabinet, the rough walls of which are covered with some bad figures of divinities, sketched and daubed in a hurry. His successor, whose monumental name is Rhamerri, probably did not take much pains about his sepulture. Instead of having a tomb excavated for himself, like his ancestors, he found it more convenient to take possession of the catacomb next to that of his father; and the study which I have had to make of this palimpsest tomb has led me to a result of much importance for completing the series of the reigns forming the eighteenth dynasty.

Time having caused the fall of the stucco spread by the usurper Rhamerri over the primitive sculptures of some parts of the tomb which he appropriated to himself, I distinguished over the principal door the legends of a queen, named Thaozer; and time having thus destroyed the covering under which the first bas-reliefs of the interior were hid, has exposed to view representations of that queen making the same offerings to the gods, and receiving from the divinities the same promises and the same assurances as the Pharaohs themselves, in those bas-reliefs of their tombs which occupy the same place as these. It was therefore evident that I was in a catacomb excavated to receive the body of a queen, and, I must add, a queen who herself exercised the sovereign power; since her husband, though bearing the title of king, always appears after her in this series of bas-reliefs: the queen alone being seen in the first and most important. Menephtha-Sipthas was the name of this subordinate sovereign. As I had already found at Ghebel-Selseleh bas-reliefs of this prince, who had, after King Horus, continued the decorations of the great specos of the quarry, I could not but recognise at that time in Queen Thaozer the daughter of King Horus, who, succeeding her father, of whom she was the only heiress of an age to reign, exercised for a long time the sovereign power, and is found in Manetho's list of kings, by the name of Queen Achencheres. I made a mistake at Turin, in taking the wife of Horus, Queen Tmauhmot, for the daughter of that prince, mentioned in the text of the inscription of a group. This mistake in a name, which is indifferent as regards the series of the reigns, would not have been committed if the legend of the queen-consort of Horus had preserved its initial titles, which have been broken off: Sipthas therefore bears the title of king only as husband to the reigning queen, as had formerly been the case with the two husbands of Queen Amensé, mother of Thouthmosis III.

This fact diminishes a little the odium of the usurpation of the tomb of Queen Thaozer and her husband Sipthas, by their fifth or sixth successor, who, indeed, was not bound to have for them the respect due to his ancestors, because he descended directly from Rhameses I.,

and, according to the list, was, at most, the brother of the Queen Thaozer Achencheres, and continued the male line from King Horus. But that cannot justify the new occupier; first, for having every where substituted his own image for that of the queen, by means of additions or suppressions, disguising her in a helmet, or by garments and insignia suitable only to kings, and not to queens; secondly, by having covered with stucco all the cartouches containing the names of the queen and of Sipthas, in order to have his own legend painted on them. This operation must, however, have been executed in great haste; since, after having metamorphosed Queen Thaozer into King Rhamerri, they forgot to correct in the bas-reliefs the text of the speeches which the gods are supposed to make, and which are always addressed to the queen; and, both from their form and contents, could not be properly directed to the king.

The largest and most magnificent of all the tombs in the valley that still exist, was indisputably that of Rhamerri's successor—Rhameses Meimoun; but now, time or smoke has tarnished the splendour of the colours which cover the greater part of the sculptures. It is, besides, interesting on account of eight small apartments, formed laterally in the thickness of the walls of the first and second corridors. These cabinets are adorned with extremely interesting sculptures, of which we have taken copies with great care. One of these little boudoirs contains, among other things, a representation of the operations of the kitchen; another that of the most rich and sumptuous furniture; a third is a complete arsenal, in which we see arms of every description, and the military ensigns of the Egyptian legions. Here are sculptured the royal barks and *canges*, with all their decorations. One of them also shows us the symbolic picture of the Egyptian year, figured by six images of the Nile and six images of Egypt personified, alternately, one for each month, and bearing the productions peculiar to the divisions of the year which these figures represent. I have thought it proper to have copied, from one of these pretty apartments, the two celebrated harp-players, with all their colours, because they have not been accurately published by any body.\*

This may suffice for Biban-el-Molouk. I am desirous of returning to Thebes, whither you will not be sorry to follow me. I must, however, add, that several of these royal tombs bear upon their walls the written proof that they were abandoned many ages ago, and only visited, as in our times, by numerous curious idlers, who, also like those of our days, thought to immortalise themselves by scribbling their names on the paintings and bas-reliefs, which they have thus disfigured. Fools of all ages have numerous representatives here:—first, we find Egyptians, of every epoch, who have written their names—the most ancient in hieratic, the more modern in demotic characters—many Greeks, of very ancient date, to judge by the shape of the letters—old Romans of the time of the republic, who proudly give them-

\* These harp-players are, we have little doubt, the same of which Bruce first gave representations in his *Travels*; and which (if our memory serves us correctly after such a lapse of years) some sage connoisseurs of that day pronounced to be either the pure inventions of his own brain, or at least very much beautified by him: one of these wiseacres, we recollect, objected to the number of strings given to the harps. As M. Champollion has also taken copies of these figures, we hope to be able to compare his with Bruce's: and thus have it in our power to add another instance to the many in which the authenticity and correctness of that enterprising traveller's statements have already been demonstrated.—*M. L. G.*



seives the title of *Romanes*—names of Greeks and Romans of the times of the first emperors—a crowd of unknown persons of the Lower Empire, buried in the midst of the superlatives which precede or follow them—like-wise names of Copts, accompanied with very humble prayers—lastly, the names of European travellers, whom love of science, war, commerce, chance, or idleness, have led to these solitary tombs. I have collected such of these inscriptions as are most remarkable for their contents, or most interesting to paleography. All these are materials: and every thing finds a place in my Egyptian portfolios, which will certainly be of some value when conveyed to Paris. I often think of it. Adieu.\*

## EXPEDITION IN GREECE.

FARTHER accounts from the French savans employed in this expedition state that they have nearly completed the examination of the islands, and have been much interested by a Grotto of Jupiter in Naxos, which has not hitherto been accurately described. Delos is represented as containing only a heap of ruins; and M. Bory de St. Vincent is of opinion that volcanic fires are about to rekindle in the Soufriere at Milo, and the island of Santarino.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Oct. 31.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. G. Proctor, Worcester College, Principal of Elizabeth College, Guernsey.  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. E. B. Everett, W. P. T. Wickham, Rev. E. H. Bateman, Balliol College; Rev. P. Guille, Pembroke College; E. G. White, Lincoln College; Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, Christ Church; Rev. A. Roberts, Hon. L. J. Harrington, Oriel College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—P. A. Browne, Corpus Christi College; W. Coleman, Queen's College; W. P. Austin, Exeter College; T. M'Calmont, Worcester College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 31.—At a congregation, yesterday, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—J. C. Russell, St. Peter's College; J. A. Maynard, J. Houghton, Pembroke College, Com-pounder; Rev. W. P. Larken, Jesus College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. I. Falconer, J. Langton, Trinity College; E. Hayes, St. John's College. W. Turner, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE business of this Society, after the recess, was resumed on Wednesday, the 4th instant, with the reading Dr. Nolan's communication "On the Chronological Use of the Ancient Cycles," in which the author's observations on the Assyrian chronology are brought to a close. For the security of the principle applied in his previous communications, the author proceeded to shew, that the historical grounds on which Ussher and Des Vignolles have undertaken to found the schemes which they have opposed to the system of Scaliger, when properly understood, really tend to the establishment of the views of the last-named chronologist. The authority of Herodotus, Diodorus of Sicily, and Justin, and Appian, were not only reconciled by Dr. N. to that of Ctesias, Diodorus, and Syncellus, but the demonstration which Des Vignolles professes to found on the celebrated eclipse predicted by Thales, was shewn, on the authority of Pliny, Solinus, and Cicero, and the calculations of Kepler, Newton, and Scaliger, to bring direct support to that scheme of Assyrian chronology

\* This letter is so extremely interesting, that, though much cramped for space, we are not sorry to say we have the *fourteenth* already in our possession. It contains a description of the Rhamsseion (the quondam Memnonium), of the tomb of Osymandias, military pictures, and others of religious acts, besides various interesting matters: we shall, of course, continue our translations, so that the readers of the *Gazette* may have these important letters complete. We are of opinion that these accounts will occupy the literati of Europe for centuries to come.—Ed.

which the tests proposed by him for identifying the genuine dates among the spurious, prove to be exclusively true. Dr. Nolan announced his intention, on some future occasion, to inquire into the nature and antiquity of the sabbatical, genethliacal, and other cycles; as preparatory to the further development and adaptation of a principle which applies to every branch of ancient chronology.

## LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society resumed its meetings for the season on Monday last, when the President, Dr. Moore, delivered an oration on the present state of the science of phrenology, briefly reviewing the objections made by its opponents. He congratulated the members on the increasing prosperity of the Society, both with regard to the accession to their numbers, and the great additions which had been made to their collection of casts, during the recess: he concluded by presenting them with two skulls (a male and female) of the Gnanches, the original inhabitants of the island of Teneriffe, and one of an Ashantee. The two former, we believe, are the only specimens (with one exception, in the Hunterian Museum) in the kingdom.

Mr. Robertson, surgeon, of Chatham, presented casts of the heads of two individuals remarkable for their sensuality; one of these, a black man, born at New York, of gigantic stature, will perhaps be remembered, since he was frequently engaged as a model at the Royal Academy; and the painting of a negro wrestling with a buffalo, exhibited a few years since, was a portrait of him. The development, it was stated, completely coincided with the character. A remarkable "case of sudden propensity to murder and suicide," communicated by Dr. Otto, of Copenhagen, was read. It appeared that the desire of this individual to kill both himself and his son arose from a morbid excitation, and congestion of blood in part of the brain, originating from a fall: his intentions were, however, frustrated; and he was afterwards placed in an hospital, where, under the care of Dr. Wendt, he perfectly recovered.

Thirty casts of national varieties of heads were placed upon the table, presented by the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh; viz. Icelandic; Long Celtic; Swiss, from Zurich; Ancient Greek, from the tombs of Samos; Circassian girl; Armenian; Chinese; Hindoo; Burmese; Ceylonese; native of the interior of Java; Sandwich islander; Papuan islander; New Holland chief; New South Wales female native; New Zealander; Moor; mummy, from Thebes; Negro; Ashantee; Mozambique; female Caffre; Icy Cape, near Behring's Strait; Esquimaux; North American Indian; Charib; Peruvian; Brazil Indian; Chilese; Araucanian warrior.

Dr. Elliotson informed the Society that there was sitting at his side Dr. Vimont, whose astonishing labours in phrenology were well known, and who, though induced to despise the doctrine of Gall, through what he had heard of it from his teachers in Paris, had determined to investigate its pretensions himself; and in the course of nine years collected three thousand five hundred heads of animals, and modelled three hundred brains in wax; and became gradually convinced, from this extensive observation, that it was founded in fact. He added, that Dr. Vimont presented to the Society a bust of General Foy, cast two hours after death; and pointed out the exact accordance of the development of the head with the talents and character of that celebrated man. The dimensions of the head were

singularly fine; the intellectual and moral portions being both pre-eminently developed.

## POMPEII.

A NEW house has been discovered, adjoining to that known by the name of Castor and Pollux. It has the usual Tuscan atrium, surrounded with several little chambers, in which the following articles were found:—fourteen large and small silver spoons; of bronze, the bust of a man, and another rather handsome one of a young Tiberius, which served as an ornament to a box of the same metal; vases of various forms; shells; a beautiful tripod; a large and uncommon steelyard, with the weight in the figure of a Mercury; elegant candelabra; two little boxes containing pills and surgical or chemical preparations; a ring with the word "Ave" engraved upon it. Of marble, a singular statue, which seems to represent Hercules, with a dog reposing in his arms; vials of glass, and vases of terra-cotta. Then follows the gynæceum: a peristyle surrounds it in the inside. The exedra, or drawing-room, lies opposite the entrance—two niches must have contained the images of the ancestors of the family; above, Bacchanalian dances of extraordinary beauty are painted, and two pictures of very great merit adorn the sides of the apartment. The one represents Dejanira looking affectionately at Alcides, to whom she presents a pretty child: the hero, resting on his club, looks proudly at the centaur Eurytion, who is kneeling, and seems to implore mercy and forgiveness—(Hyginus, fable 31). The other represents Meleager with the boar, which lies dead at his feet, and Atalanta by his side: Althæa and Leucippus, at some distance, cannot conceal their envy. At the back of the exedra is a little garden, in the middle of which is an elegant marble table and a little statue of Apollo, from whose plectrum a fountain flowed. The apartment for the triclinium and the dancers is open towards the garden; a mosaic, the most considerable that has hitherto been found in Pompeii, adorns the floor; Cupids hold a lion, bound with garlands of flowers, in the midst of Bacchantes; there is also a temple, and an image pouring the juice out of a vase. All this may allude to a scene in the great Bacchanalian drama, in which wine and love triumphed over rudeness and strength.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## Fisher's Illustrations of England.

Nos. 14, 15, and 16.

WE were especially struck with the views of some of the cotton-twist manufactories of Manchester, contained in these Nos. of Mr. Fisher's work. They are skillfully treated, and convey a complete notion of those huge masses of brick and mortar. It is possible that the political greatness of England is dependent on her commercial greatness, and that her commercial greatness is in a considerable degree to be attributed to such structures as are here so faithfully represented. To us they are, nevertheless, subjects of painful contemplation. There may be, and we believe there are, exceptions; but, generally speaking, no person of the least observation or reflection can stand by and see the squalid, and hideous, and savage population of one of these buildings pour tumultuously forth at the hour of dinner, or of the termination of the day's or the night's labour, without being convinced that a cotton-factory is one of the rankest hot-beds of human vice and misery.

*Recollections of Italy*; in fifteen select Views, drawn from Nature by William Jeffs, Esq., in the Years 1826 and 1827. Ackermann.

A PUBLICATION pleasing in itself, and which must be peculiarly interesting to those who have witnessed the beautiful scenery, the "recollection" of which it is so well calculated to renew in their minds. Of the various views, our favourites are—"Venice;" "the Falls of Terni;" and "the Crater of Mount Vesuvius." The first gives us quite a new idea of the celebrated "City of Palaces;" the second is the only print which we remember to have seen in which the three falls of Terni (undoubtedly the most beautiful cascades in Europe) have been comprehended in one view; the third is a striking and picturesque representation of one of the most awful objects in nature. The plates are neatly lithographed by the Gaucis.

*Great Britain Illustrated*; from Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. No. XVI. Tilt.

As pleasing as its predecessors.

#### ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

IN our *Gazette* of February we gave an account of the dinner given by this Society at Serle's Coffee-house. On Wednesday last we attended the resumed meetings at the Freemasons' Tavern, and, what between art and artists, spent a delightful evening. The contributions were numerous, and of the very first description; and it was with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction we perceived the table strewn with works from the portfolios of our best painters. To the labours of Mr. Henry Graves (of the spirited firm of Moon, Boys, and Graves), Scipio Clint (the founder), and Henry Behnes, we understand the Society is indebted for its present flourishing and eminent rank. These gentlemen have been indefatigable in their endeavours to bring together works and men of acknowledged talent; and the success with which they have laboured was abundantly shewn in the display with which we were so much pleased. Some drawings by Ward, and a head by Inskipp, particularly attracted our regard. Several members of the R.A. were among the company.

#### THE COLOSSEUM.

OF this striking building and internally extraordinary exhibition we have now an admirable representation before us. It is from an etching by Parris, the distinguished painter of the View of London, and equally at home in almost every branch of art, and well engraved by T. Higham.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WHAT a fashionable place  
Buckingham Street\* soon will grow!  
Thither the bump-discovering race  
To survey their organs go:  
There are plaster heads of men  
In wonderful variety,  
All collected by the Phren.  
Ological Society.

Of casts a most distinguished lot  
Are all arranged in neatest order—  
Shakespeare, Milton, Southey, Scott,  
Burke, Thurtell, Hare, and William Corder  
—And many more illustrious men  
Whose heads have notoriety,  
Moulded in plaster by the Phren.  
Ological Society.

\* Where the Phrenological Society meet.

When you walk out you exercise  
Your organ of *Locality*;  
And when a friend you recognise,  
'Tis *Individuality*.  
Between these truths there's now and then  
No little contrariety;  
But that does not disturb the Phren-  
O-Logical Society.  
Earl Pomfret's bust had clever bumps,  
Which Scott had not at all;  
And as for Burke the murderer,  
His murderous bumps were small:  
And now I think that of my pen  
You must have had satiety,  
And so, I dare say, thinks the Phren-  
Ological Society. W. L. C.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH MAWE, ESQ.

ON Monday, the 26th ult., at his residence in the Strand, after an illness of severe and protracted suffering, died Mr. John Mawe, author of *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, &c., and Member of the Mineralogical Society of Jena. Mr. Mawe was in the 65th year of his age; and, through a long life of honourable and successful exertion, few individuals have been more actively or usefully engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. To his enterprise and talent this country was indebted for the most faithful and interesting description of the Brazilian States, which he traversed in the year 1810, under the sanction and auspices of the Prince Regent of Portugal (afterwards King John VI.), for the purpose of inspecting the extensive gold and diamond districts of that empire; being the first Englishman to whom such a permission was granted. His *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, which first appeared in 1812, took immediate rank amongst the most valuable standard works of that class; and have not only gone through numerous editions in England and the United States of America, but have also been translated into almost all the continental languages, and published in France, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Portugal, and Brazil.\* As a mineralogist, Mr. Mawe was deservedly held in the highest estimation, for the variety and importance of his information, and the facility with which he developed the principles of his favourite science—upon which he has published several popular treatises. In the domestic relations of life, as a husband and as a father, he was warmly affectionate, and fondly solicitous for the happiness of his family: as a friend, he was kind, sincere, and steadfast; and in his intercourse with mankind, the cheerfulness of his disposition, the unblemished integrity of his character, the instructiveness of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, won for him the respect, the esteem, and the regard of all who knew him.

#### DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

*Snakes in the Grass*, a comic piece by Buckstone, in two acts, was produced here on Tuesday, November 3d. Picard's four-act comedy, *Les Tracasseries, ou Monsieur et Madame Tatillon*, has furnished Mr. Buckstone with the plot of his piece; which, if a moral lesson, pleasingly conveyed and admirably acted, deserves the support of the town, ought to fill the benches of old Drury for many nights to

\* Mr. Mawe also contributed essentially to Lamarck's *Conchology*; published *Lessons on Mineralogy and Geology*, which volume has gone through many editions; a *Treatise on Diamonds*; the *Linean System of Conchology*; and other useful and successful works.

come. But, alas for the stage! neither pleasant writing nor good acting can now-a-days ensure a profitable success. There is a species of fashion necessary to attach itself voluntarily to a drama, before the springs of the town are put into play, and the floods pour through Fleet Street and Piccadilly, to overflow a theatre-royal. "Have you seen so and so?" "No! then you must go." Till those talismanic words are heard in Bond Street or on the Exchange—and there is nobody in the former place to speak them before February—the best play may slide unnoticed from the stage, the best acting may be wasted on the desert air; and what the certain something is that shall extort those golden sounds, is as much a mystery to the most deeply initiated as to him who never snuffed the lamps. The critics!—phoo! Even those who do know what is good—and the number is lamentably small—are foiled upon that scent. Prophets of the past—Physician Moore is more to be depended upon for the future. They may confess the effect of that done, which, had they been consulted on the doing of, they would, most probably, have condemned as unworthy or impracticable; but they are as far off as ever from the knowledge of the popularity it is likely to obtain—the profit which may accrue from it to the manager. *Charles II.* and *Clari* were frequently performed, during their first seasons, to empty benches: the first, perhaps, one of the best of modern dramas—the second, certainly one of the worst. The same pieces, acted by precisely the same persons—no obvious cause existing for the change—have since drawn thousands of pounds into the Covent Garden treasury. It is a hard case, though, for authors,—who are paid, in general, according to the money brought, and not in proportion to the merits or success (as far as mere approval goes) of the piece, and perhaps one of the principal causes of the neglect of the stage by our greatest writers. It is too much of a lottery—the longest experience availeth nothing: "Thinking is but an idle waste of thought, And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought."

*Snakes in the Grass*, we have said, is pleasantly written and admirably acted; and if there is any attraction in a strong cast, surely a mere farce with all the comic strength of the house in it, except Farren, ought to draw. Listen the inimitable, Mrs. Glover the invaluable (whose re-appearance in her proper sphere we hail with unmixed delight), the gentlemanlike and lively Jones, the volatile Harley, and our pretty and clever new acquaintance Miss Mor-daunt, who is creeping fast up our critical sleeve:—what, on earth, would the people have?

*Venice Preserved* was excellently enacted on Thursday: Miss Phillips *Belvidera*, Young *Pierre*, and Wallack *Jaffier*.

#### ADELPHI.

ON Thursday the *Bold Dragoons*, a light and most amusing little comic piece, was produced at this theatre; and is just such a thing as we love to see, when in pursuit of amusement. Gaiety and laughter are the sure concomitants; and instead of leaving the place fatigued with the entertainments, you depart with a lively recollection of pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and J. Reeve, are the chief support of this novelty, which must prove very attractive to the Adelphi, where, however, we observe another new burletta (called *Billy Taylor*) announced. At this rate the managers will not need the Elephant; of which, by the by, see our next page.

## THEATRE ROAR-ALL ADELPHI.\*

Pro-bocia Publico!

First Night of the Elephant!

THE proprietors respectfully announce, that in consequence of the heavy expense they have incurred by the immense exertions made to procure their patrons the pleasure of witnessing the powerful acting of this great performer, and the certainty of her being nearly able to fill the house by herself, they have yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and, aware of the impossibility of raising the prices to a proportionate height—which, according to an Irish calculation, would amount to about sixty thousand pounds† per person—they have come to the determination to issue this strong appeal to the free-quenters of the theatre, trusting they will see the necessity of giving their little stage all the support possible under such extraordinary encumbrances, and therefore not press for admittance (the public Press excepted),—as, should there be twenty hundred wait at the doors, there will be treble that weight within them.

The doors will be open at dusk. Places to be taken of Mr. Mass-in-ham, at the trunk-book office of the theatre—at the Elephant and Castle, Kent Road; the One Ton, Jermyn Street; and at Mr. A-dr—s's, the great bookseller of Bond Street; where private trunks and ivory tickets for the pit may also be obtained, upon early application.

## VARIETIES.

*Betelini*, the best engraver in Rome, we observe from the Roman journals, died recently in that city.

*Horned Cattle*.—A great nuisance had arisen in a small town in the department of the Calvados: the olfactory department and common decency had been outraged by the placing of cattle under the public gateway; and the municipal capita, with a view, we presume, to quiet the storm raised by their better-halves, concocted and posted this pertinent notice:—"No person is allowed to place any *horned cattle* under this gateway except—the mayor and prefect!"

*Animal Society*.—Our readers may recollect the account we gave of John Austin, whose collection of animals of opposite natures living in tranquillity together, attracted so many curious spectators to his little menagerie across Waterloo Bridge. This ingenious person has, with great propriety, been taken up by the Zoological Society, and has now some of his extraordinary exhibitions in the Gardens. We have not yet had an opportunity of examining his new establishment, but learn that one of its strangest features consists of a pair of doves with two eggs, occasionally assisted (as our French friends would say) by a remarkably fine black rat! And, apropos of rats, it is worth mentioning, that the original black rat, which is often spoken of as exterminated by the brown or Russian rat, and extinct in this country, is in reality still abundant in many parts. For example, we are assured that the species is numerous about Meux's brewhouse, and that it also keeps possession of the old Post Office, in spite of its fierce northern invaders.—It might seem whimsical under the head of "Animal Society" to notice that the Secretary of the

Zoological Society has commenced giving evening parties monthly; at the first of which we met a very distinguished assemblage of men of high talents and scientific attainments.

*Night-Telegraph*.—Captain Kervéguen, of the French navy, has invented a new species of night-telegraph, which, by the motion and position of the illuminated radii of several circles, is capable of representing no fewer than 29,245 signs. By a single illuminated radius he can produce 8,649 telegraphic signs. The invention is under the consideration of the French minister of marine.

*Bibliophiles*.—In the year 1820, the recent establishment of the Roxburgh Club in England, led to the formation of a similar body in Paris, under the title of *Société des Bibliophiles Français*; the principal object of which was to publish works yet in manuscript, or to reprint works of great rarity. The Society consists of twenty-four members, besides five foreign associates. The collection, which is published at the expense, and under the superintendence of the Society, bears the general name of *Mélanges*. Every piece which enters into the composition of a volume is printed separately, on paper expressly fabricated for the purpose, and with Didot's best types; and has a distinct paging and a separate title. Every volume of the collection is marked with the year in which it was printed, and contains a general title, a table of contents, and a list of the Society. Every copy bears the number and the name of the member of the Society to whom it belongs. Twenty-four copies are struck off for the members of the Society; a twenty-fifth is deposited in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, and one copy is allotted to each foreign associate. Every such copy which may be exposed to public sale, is to be immediately subjected to a bidding, in the name of the Society, of a hundred francs.

*Extraordinary Fossil*.—It is said that some fossil remains of a most extraordinary animal have been discovered in the state of New York. They consist of a jaw-bone, twenty feet long, and weighing twelve hundred pounds; several vertebrae, six inches in diameter, along which there is an oval passage for the spinal marrow, nine inches by six; and some ribs nine feet long! If the animal of which these are fragments was of the elephant species, it must have as much surpassed the ancient mammoth in size as the modern elephant surpasses a mouse.

*French Royal Colleges*.—By an ordinance of the King of France, dated October 10th, the number of pensions allowed by government to each royal college is fixed at thirty, independent of the pensions reserved for the preparatory schools instituted by the ordinance of the 9th of March, 1826.

*To preserve Butter*.—A correspondent of a French periodical work recommends that, to preserve butter, instead of using common salt, we should take a mixture composed of one part of sugar very finely powdered, one of purified nitre, and one of purified sea salt. An ounce of this mixture is to be put to each pound of butter, and well worked in: when this is done, the butter should be put into crocks, and carefully covered over with parchment. He says that butter thus prepared is much more agreeable to the taste, has a finer colour, and keeps much longer.

*Education*.—It has been stated in the French papers, that thirty-four Arabians have arrived in France from Egypt, for the purpose of being educated, at the expense of the Pasha. We understand that the Pasha has given

orders for them to receive instruction in all the useful arts; and that such of them only as shall evince peculiar aptitude are to be instructed in the classics. Some are to receive a medical education.

*Adulterated Milk*.—Some experiments were made lately, by order of the French minister of the interior, on the milk sold in Paris; from which it appears, that to conceal the reduction of strength by the addition of water, the milk-sellers adopt various modes of adulteration. Having removed the buttery part, which, from its specific gravity, rises to the top, and which is separately sold as *crème* (an article very different from cream as we use it in England), the milk-sellers add sugar to give flavour, and a thickened portion of flour, gently boiled, so as to mix well with the milk, and not precipitate. To whiten the milk, which, thus reduced and adulterated, acquires a slight violet, or, as it is called here, sky-blue colour, they use a little emulsion of almonds, prepared with brown sugar. To keep the milk from turning in hot weather, they add a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda. The chemical means of detecting these adulterations have been made public in France by order of the minister; but they are too tedious and scientific to be generally useful. It appears that the consumption of milk in Paris is now double what it was twenty years ago, without reference to the increase of population, owing to the more general use of *café au lait* among the working classes. The addition to the number of cows, however, is by no means in proportion.

*Beet-Root Sugar*.—A new French paper called *Le Temps* (the Times) contains an account of the production of sugar from beet-root in France; and it is stated that the quantity obtained last year in the 100 sugar-houses distributed through twenty-three departments was five millions of kilogrammes; being about one-fourteenth part of the entire consumption of sugar in the kingdom. The production of last year was double that of the two preceding years; and it is, according to these details, expected that the number of manufactories of beet-root sugar will in the course of the next year increase to 200—the speculation having been found a profitable one. According to this statement,\* in order to supply the entire consumption of France, it would only be necessary to plant with beet-root one-28th part of the land now lying fallow. It appears, that an hectare of good land will produce 25,000 kilogrammes of roots, and that 100,000 kilogrammes of roots will produce 5,000 kilogrammes of raw sugar. The expense of constructing a manufactory varies from 25,000 to 30,000*fr.* To prepare 100,000 kilogrammes of roots requires 16,000 kilogrammes of coal, labour equal to that of 265 men and forty-six oxen for one day, and about 635*fr.* of miscellaneous expenditure.

*The Caucasus*.—M. Kupfer, a professor of Casan, has succeeded, after a very laborious struggle, in climbing to the summit of one of the loftiest peaks of the Caucasus; which is computed to be about a thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. The most interesting observations made by the professor during his ascent, relate to the decrease, in proportion to the elevation, of magnetic intensity. The conclusion which he draws from this fact is, that it is impossible to attribute the magnetic power of the globe to the existence of a central magnetic nucleus.

*Gelatine*.—M. d'Arcet, a member of the French Academy, has for some years devoted much of his attention to the best mode of ex-

\* We have received this *jeu d'esprit* from a correspondent; and as he seems to anticipate most of the wit to be expected from the public press on the occasion, and all that Mathews and Yates could wish to say on the subject, we adopt his bill, and recommend it for acceptance to the managers.  
† *See*—Printer's Devil.



tracting from bones all the gelatine which they contain, without touching the calcareous matter. In this he has at length completely succeeded; and his apparatus is now in active and highly beneficial operation at the Hôpital de la Charité, at the Monnaie des Médailles, and at other public institutions in Paris. The most nutritive and palatable soups of every kind are made with the gelatine, at a very moderate expense. Interesting treatises on the subject have recently been published by M. d'Arcey, and by M. A. de Puymaurin, the director of the Mint.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.—are preparing for publication. The Editor of the first sixteen volumes of Time's Telescope has requested us to state that he is in no way connected with the forthcoming volume for 1830.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Souvenir, 1830, 12s. silk; large paper, India proof, 1l. 4s.—Murray's North America, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. 6d.—Rutter's Somersetshire, 8vo. 13s. 1d. royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. 6d.—Edinburgh Medical Transactions, Vol. III. Part 2, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Bow on Fever, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Statutes at Large, 4to. Vol. II. Part 3, with Index, 1l. 2s. 6d.—Romance of History, Second Series, Spain, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's Classical and Historical Atlas, imperial folio, 8s. 6d. hf. bds.—Stories of a Bride, by the author of the *Mummy*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 6s. 6d. bds.—Roe's Four Years in South Africa, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Life of a Midshipman, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Higgins on Light and Optical Instruments, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 4th division, Miscellaneous and Lexicographical, Vol. I. 4to. 2s. 2d. bds.—Bills of Costs in Common Pleas, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Jefferson's Memoirs, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. 6d. bds.—Propheet Messenger, 1830, 2s. 9d. sewed.—Weir's Greenock, with engravings, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Tales of Four Nations, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. 6d.—Shepherd's Emmanuel, 1830, 7s. 6d. silk.—Mann's Memorials of Christian Friendship, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Examination of Mr. Morgan's Statements respecting the Equitable Society, 2s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 29	From 30. to 47.	30.26 to 30.19
Friday .. 30	30. to 45.	30.06 to 29.96
Saturday .. 31	40. to 43.	29.82 to 29.96
November.		
Sunday .. 1	35. to 43.	30.03 to 30.07
Monday .. 2	29. to 48.	30.09 to 30.11
Tuesday .. 3	26. to 49.	30.16 to 30.04
Wednesday .. 4	37. to 51.	29.90 to 29.56

Prevailing wind, N.W. and S.W.  
Except the 30th ult. and the 3d and 4th inst. generally clear.

Rain fallen, 15 of an inch, which fell during the afternoon of Friday.  
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude .. 0 3 31 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not in our disposition to act with incivility, nor can we feel otherwise than grateful for the many kind contributions that are offered to us; but we would appeal to our friends against the demand of specific answers, either in print or by letter, to every communication made to us. It is literally a fact, that more than one-third of the Editor's time is occupied in an endeavour to discharge these obligations; and much more than the whole of it would be requisite, were he to comply with every request for insertion, or his reasons for not inserting, or the careful return of papers. He must therefore beg his silence in most instances to be received as negation, or postponement, should circumstances allow him to act otherwise; and, farther, that he cannot hold himself amenable to the call of restoring MSS., unless they are of a more important nature than poetical essays, brief sketches, and suggestions on any subject.

The lines on the memory of H. K. White, and the Negro, cannot exclude more pressing temporary matter.

The influx of novelties has been so great within the last week, that we are obliged to apologise for the delay of the following Reviews.—The *Keepsake*, with its aristocratic list of contributors and exquisite engravings, which far surpass its literary department.—The *Emmanuel*, a strictly religious Annual, at a lower price than its contemporaries, and containing several excellent papers, besides an able defence of its title.—The *Iris*, large paper, and proportionally improved in beauty.—The *Life of Dr. Calamy*.—Mr. Hunt's charming Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, alike interesting in art and literary illustration.—The *Life of Daniel De Foe*.—Colonel Evans's important Essay on the Practicability of Invading India.—Second Notice of Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.—Senior's Lectures on Political Economy—all of which shall have our earliest possible attention.

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